

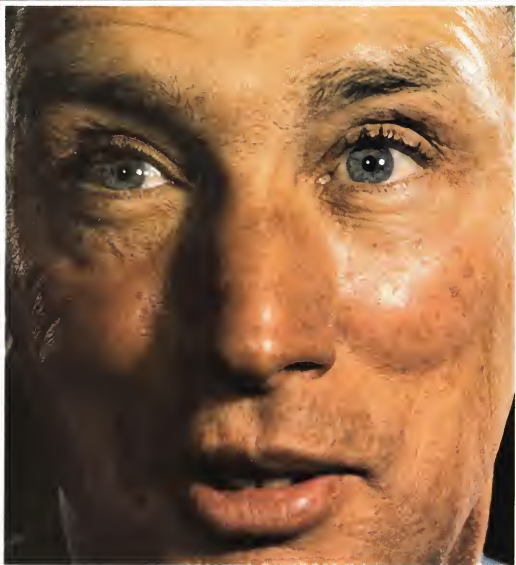
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**Macleans** CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
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THE VIEW FROM  
**HERE**  
BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Politics in Canada has always been the art of making the necessary possible. This prudence depends far less on a leader's ability to mix a genuine infection of the spirit with negotiating skill and a creative urge to lead. But Trudeau has projected a kind of personal imperialism, a feeling that he cares more for what he is than what he represents in effect. Trudeau has been buying perpetuating the good old liberal orthodoxy which holds that the chief function of government is to defend and refine a set of humanitarian postures. He seems to view social problems in terms of efficient management rather than as the inevitable outcome of unequal wealth. This counts what Charles Abrams, the American philanthropist, once described as "second-rate the real explanation for the poor" — a system that doesn't satisfy either class.

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## THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA

BY JOHN GRAY

Some measure of the basically egomaniacal nature of parliamentary democracy may be taken from the realisation that Robert Stanfield and his Conservative Party now are regarded by the Canadian electorate as a serious alternative to the present government. There are those who say that Stanfield even might win the next federal election.

If it should come to pass that Stanfield does become prime minister, we owe him a certain satisfaction, I suppose, in the triumph of those old-fashioned virtues from the forgotten past. Hard work and earnest endeavour may enjoy a new vogue. We can bid farewell to the era of the fancy dais, a surfeit of force, a poverty of substance. Coney Stempel will be proven wrong because far once a man gets well he never finds it (Or was that Leo Durocher?) And somebody, in search of a reasoned explanation, will happily remember the tortoise and the hare. There will be a great deal of well-known chiding.

Well, meet guy and hard worker though he may be, it is difficult to take seriously the prospect of Robert Stanfield as a prime minister. The Trudeau government has been a disappointment. The past three and a half years have been marked, occasionally, by spectacular incompetence and a shaming lack of imagination. But does that make Stanfield a prime minister?

No, notwithstanding the fact that the Liberal government ousted the Conservative Party onto a credible alternative? Significantly, the past few years have seen the Tories' ejection from their back of us, secure the conviction that Trudeau is a one-man government. Some of Trudeau's ministers, it is true, are hardly virtuous perfectionists, but around Stanfield there are few supporters who can even carry a tune. In the last election the Conservatives lost some of their most competent veterans and most of their potential stars — such as Allan Rock, Dave Fellows, Bill Bennett and Arthur Cleghorn. Their absence from the Tories' ranks is painful. Stanfield's front benchers, the men who are supposed to be the stout troopers of the Opposition, are sad and wary miscreants of the worst sort. Far from leading a vigorous attack on a vulnerable government, most of them are so reticent that when they speak it is a shock to realize that they know how.

One of the alarming little points in Ottawa is to ask someone to name quickly a dozen Conservative MPs who would — or might — qualify for a cabinet post if Stanfield won the next election. That should not be difficult. After all there are 72 Conservative MPs to choose from and Stanfield would need more than two dozen for his cabinet. The first few names come quickly enough, but eventually slows the pace. Gordon Fairweather, Chris Buhner, John Lundgren, Elaine Woolhouse, M. W. Denforth, David MacDonald, Tom Bell, Ann McGrath, Heath Macquarrie, Robert McClellan. Ten

names, not two dozen, and it is hard to forget that the most effective Tory of all the 72 remains the towering figure of John Diefenbaker, forever brooding about yet another space flyer. One is tempted to add the name of Jack Winter, the wild Alberta rancher. Homer is a man of obvious, if undeveloped talent. But he has made little mark in the present parliament because he has been given no responsibilities as a party spokesman. Instead, he has been the symbol and the focus of the disaffection among the Tories.

Although there is now less open and bitter division in the party than there was following the disfigurement of John Diefenbaker in 1967, it is hard to describe the Conservatives as parliament as a party. They are a reluctant coalition whose only bond is a desire for political power. They rage from the few who are violently progressive to the many who carry conservatism to such an extreme that Stanfield must find their support an embarrassment. If Stanfield had won the last election, the disparate elements in the party could have forgotten their ideological resentment in the satisfaction of power. Instead, Stanfield has been forced to lead tentatively and ambigiously. If not a formula for peace, at least his leadership has avoided war. The Liberals under Trudeau have their own ideological uncertainties, and with the Conservative reluctance to be anything their own either has not found officers the Liberals are deprived of a counterpart which could give the government some identification.

Because the Conservatives as a party have relatively little to say, they tend to retreat into rankless oppositionism. What the government does is bad, think up a reason. Nothing that the government does is better than their attack on the government for its internal handling of our economic differences with the United States. They missed the government both for allowing a disconnection in relations with the Americans and for failing to establish Canadian independence. Thus Washington. Similarly, in his long war against the government, the prime minister's tax reform proposals, Stanfield seemed to be all things to all men in his party and in the electorate at large. He wanted a better break for the lowest section of middle income earners, and less positive measures for the rich. The cynical observer may suggest that such a policy is bad finance but good politics.

What is surprising is that Stanfield's political success has not been greater. The government has made things as easy as possible for him — disconnection policies, a single-party majority which only added to the alienation to the Maritimes and the West, a festering bitterness in Quebec which was related to the point of national emergency, and a prime minister whose public personality has become increasingly brittle. Yet with all that, the Tories' progress has been slow indeed. Stanfield has been regularly re-elected in the House of Commons when he has tried to take the government to task. In the daily question period, when the government should have been on the ropes, it was the Tories who appeared to be praying for the bell.

Still, the public opinion polls show that Trudeau's popularity is declining and Stanfield's is rising. That may prove something about Trudeau. It says little about Stanfield except that there is a certain political virtue in patience. ■

John Gray is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

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# THE VIEW FROM SOFA. BY TOM BUTSON

Richard Nixon had barely climbed the Republican nomination in 1960 when he set about picking a presidential running mate. Out of his first choices, if not the first, was a smiling young man from California by the name of Robert H. Frosch. Frosch declined the offer but, more or less, on Nixon's insistence, took a post in Nixon's first cabinet. The portfolio he chose, the secretariat of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, is a behest of unassuming proportions, as Secretary Frosch was soon to discover. But the interesting thing about his tenure was not so much that it happened that Richard Nixon's relation to it. Nixon had offered Frosch the vice-presidency because he regarded his fellow Californian as his "oldest friend" in the current crop of celebrities of the Republican Party. But, when the going got rough, Frosch was removed with embarrassing haste.

All of which provides an object lesson in the politics of Nixonian Washington. From the perils of discomfiture and dejection since Richard Nixon became president, it would seem that the most vulnerable politicians in the former capital wrap up that is the capital of the United States are those who call Richard Nixon friend.

For example, another longtime Nixon friend is the quiet-spoken Secretary of State, William P. Rogers. Their association dates to the Eisenhower years, and few politically conscious Americans were surprised when Nixon rewarded Rogers with the senior cabinet position. But since then to the cynical assessment of the Washington politicians, Rogers has been the shadow that the rebirth of his office Nixon's slips of the tongue have added to the tickling when, on occasion, he has referred to the director of America's foreign policy as "Secretary of the State Kissinger." Nor was Rogers' status enhanced by the announcement of the President's trip to China, a major foreign initiative which was overshadowed upon when Rogers was out of the country on a lesser mission.

There are other examples. The world of high finance abounds with those Former Chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisors Paul McCracken. Former Treasury Secretary David Kennedy. New McCrackens and Kennedys were not what might be called real intimates of the President, but Arthur Burns was. More than any other person, perhaps, Burns helped shape the financial platform upon which in 1968 Richard Nixon won by a landslide. In the lullaby days of the Nixon administration, it was Arthur Burns who steered the financial ship of state. Then came the parting of the ways, and Burns went out and appears to the Federal Reserve Board where a second life, a whole lot better than the White administration's most severe financial crisis. With the President's recent economic initiatives Burns is back in some slight form, but the paper-tyke-like intimacy of yore is gone forever.

Which brings us to Spiro Agnew. In the first flush of the Agnew affiliation itself, a smiling President Nixon seemed to be as partial to the Vice-President as he is to the Washington Redskins. But in the disappointing Agnew returner divided in during the 1970 off-year elections, even that friendship began to crumble. Suddenly, instead of a sparkling date in South City Agnew's tender limit date in Seoul or even Kabul. So much so that even as Nixon hints he'll stick with Agnew in 1972, Agnew himself seems resigned to the fact that he's a one-term vice-president. This has led to a remarkable backlist. As the pundits ponder whether the President's next running mate should be John Connally, New Jersey Governor William Callahan or even Stanley, wily Nelson Rockefeller, Annettes, the lover of the underdog, has found a sudden sympathy for Spiro Agnew.

Richard Nixon, however not aggressive, is not one to worry about conspiracy. More than any other this day and age his character has puzzled his critics. Consider the case of General Lewin B. Harnsey. Harnsey has directed the military draft for so long that he seemed as permanent a Washington fixture as the Lincoln Memorial. And Richard Nixon added to that feeling by visibly supporting the crazy old general when the flock swarmed around him over his handling of Vietnam. But when the flock began to land on the White House, it was goodbye, General Harnsey. There are those in Washington who predict an early repudiation of the sentiment in the departure of another Washington monument — more often than personal FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover.

Amidst all these departures and departments, some members of the Nixon team have struggled on, apparently unaffected by the fact that in the moments of power they held little more than Stone Thetford, the old Democrat and now Jew, is a good example. In the 1968 election, Thetford's counsel were vital. Today they are for the most part ignored.

Who then really holds power? In foreign policy making there is no doubt that the key men is helicopter Henry Kissinger. And since Canada's problems aren't his, he's not in the Congress of the state make more in Nixon's

Vietnam, it's unlikely they will. Washington Echoes the sorry spectacle of Pierre Trudeau coming calling, now in burnhole and hat in hand, as unlikely to change that attitude. In economic affairs, on an advisory level, rather than theoretical plane, Kissinger's counterpart is John Connally. Like Kissinger, Connally has little sympathy for Canada's difficulties. Edgar Benson's cynical career is amusing. There are lower lights such as White House aides Donald Rumsfeld, John Ehrlichman and Bob Haldeman. But the real guy around is still Attorney General John Mitchell. His counsel crosses the most weight with the President, and it will be he who directs Nixon's campaign for reelection.

Some idea of Mitchell's importance can be seen from the commanding sign of Robert Frosch. A while back when Fidel Castro made his photographic tour of South America, Frosch popped up on a Latin American tour of his own. But in Washington he was more lurking. One White House staffer chuckled when asked the real reason for the Frosch tour. "He's having an immense row with Mitchell," he said, "and they're trying to get him out of Mitchell's hair."

So much for being Richard Nixon's "oldest friend."

Tom Butson is an assistant editor at the New York Times.

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## THE VIEW FROM THE PRAIRIES BY DON BARON

It is three years since Canada's prairie economy was dealt a sledgehammer blow by slumping grain prices and plummeting grain exports. The aftermath of that collapse has been front-page news across the country: the prairie farm income crisis, the tractor parades and wheat-burning that greeted the Prime Minister on one trip west, the flight of people from Saskatchewan, the groundswell of voter rage in which the governments of the three provinces have been thrown out, and the latter fight by prairie farmers against recent federal agricultural proposals.

Some observers may believe it is just repeating itself — a resource-based region in undergoing another cyclical swing, and the headlines are really the shell ones for help as the cycle hits bottom.

It's true that the Prairies have swung through the troughs of economic cycles before. But this time the response of prairie people has been different. This time wheat farmers didn't exhaust their rage marching on Ottawa; instead they turned away from Ottawa. In the past three years, westerners have been drastically curtailing their relationship with Ottawa, and that self-appraisal has been on three mainstays: that Alberta's oil, Saskatchewan's potash and the big wealth wheat sales had built in the West not only a measure of prosperity but egoistic too. Farmers have discovered that the Wheat Board, which has monopolized over most grain sales, doesn't answer to prairie farmers but to the federal government, which is actually in the grip of eastern politicians. They've discovered that Canada's grain policy, with its government monopolies and bureaucracies, has isolated the farmer from his market, stored him of information he needs to make production and marketing decisions, impeded his efforts to produce for the fast-growing western foreign and export markets, and in some cases prevented him from selling marketable products even if he produced them.

Now, having realized that their problems are not wheat problems at all, that their income crisis has been caused not by wheat failure but by a policy failure, the farmers also realize they will have to remedy the situation themselves.

Prairie farmers now see that they lived too long with the dream that wheat is king. They fought too long to protect the Wheat Board from the bogyman — agriculture and the grain trade. And they have learned that when, in the despair of the Depressions, they placed their faith in Ottawa, they were abandoning their responsibilities to themselves. The latter harvest from that mistake includes unpaid grain, neglected markets, a farm policy controlled by the East, a flight of farmers from prairie farms and politicians spawning bureaucrats to control the farmer rather than to serve him.

So prairie people are turning away from Ottawa and in-

jecting the past with a vigor that has caught other Canadians, and even themselves, by surprise. Ottawa has brought all this on itself by displaying a shocking lack of understanding of the western farmer's needs.

When the Prime Minister journeyed west he appointed grain growers whose farms were piled high with grain by selling. "Why should I sell your wheat?" The farmers knew Ottawa was taking into court Saskatchewan farmers caught loading their grain by night along dark roads, trying to move a "legally" against the border into Alberta or Manitoba where they could sell it to lookers. The shattering truth became clear — the Prime Minister didn't understand.

The same stubborn ignorance of the Prairies was evident a year ago when, urged on by Ottawa and Quebec, Ottawa tried to pass Bill C-176 providing national marketing boards for food products. The westerners felt that would bring "orderly marketing" and higher prices. In fact they would provide a legal means for producers in the more populated provinces to close their borders to prairie produce.

Prairie farmers have fought back. They launched a multi-city campaign and bombarded Ottawa with tens of thousands of letters — maybe the biggest civilian ever to hit Ottawa.

The groundswell of dissatisfaction has become a constructive force. The 1970 Lethbridge Conference brought together speakers from across the continent to examine the concept of one prairie province. The conference was written off by the press as a fiasco, yet within 16 months two of the featured speakers, Peter Lougheed and Allan Rock, both of whom had headed the scene for prairie unity, had been elected premiers of Alberta and Saskatchewan respectively.

Today, the three prairie provinces are developing a common front in their dealings with Ottawa.

As for the farmers themselves, they formed the Prairie Wheat Growers Association to put pressure on government to develop more efficient grain programs. They persuaded the government and the Wheat Board to sell barley in world markets with the result that barley is now selling in record quantities, and only generalists such but

selling the stage for a new and vigorous livestock industry. While politicians talk of wheat, farmers have turned to soybeans, which is free of the onerous restrictions of the Wheat Board, and have almost doubled production in each of the past three years. In 1970 they produced a crop worth \$200 million. And they see future growth in crop such as mustard, buckwheat, clover seed, cornmeal.

The farmers have devised imaginative new management techniques as well. At Langton, Sask., 50 farmers got together to put in a 4,000 head, cattle feedlot another group a 1,000-acre, million-dollar hog farm. In other areas, too, farmers are rethinking for the first time that, using the new growing and management techniques, they can produce many products with incredible efficiency — feed grains and rapeseed, for which there are big and expanding markets, beef and pork, which can be produced in the Prairies with less danger of pollution than in most places and for which markets are growing rapidly.

It adds up to this: there is a new sense of direction on the Prairies which may set the stage at last for the repudiation of a new kind of partnership in Confederation.

Don Baron is the editor of Country Guide.

THE  
MAKING  
OF  
THE  
RAPESEED  
REVOLUTION  
1972





Placing you mental away from New Brunswick to continue my odyssey, and still feeling homesick, I found *Whelemine Thomas' column How Is A Place There's Whipped In Fall* (December), particularly significant. It's a must add one thing: the people who write the original letters, and their list, are no longer on the list, but there is a group of the new letters, those who saw death in the crisis and came from their universities or jobs to live again on the land. They are not the same as those who farmed before them, but they too are using better chains and thrashing machines, burning wheat, live barns and wood stoves. They substance-farm and are happy doing it. They are not large in number but their numbers are growing, and they are serious about saving the land, saving happy, free children (and schooling them in some cases) and getting back to things simple, natural and alive. In places like Prince William, Bloomfield and Tay River you will find them, working hard, working a bit from books but mostly from doing. And there is always time to "find folkhills along the river banks and wild strawberries up on the ridge."

ELSPETH STRANG, EDMONTON

### Pussy willows, Cottontails

The article *Early Morning Afterthoughts* (December) by Robert Markle adds some attractive-sensuous-sunny details to my picture of Gordon Lightfoot. We like him, and we glad that he visits in our township here of Egmont. Markle is well come there, too, as long as he behaves himself. Poor and ignorant may be, but the Scotts are also proud, and I would prefer central Markle, that making fun of an invited guest in your home commitments is a code that is older than any laws. No less an authority than Plato says that there are some slaves that you do not tell if you want to live at peace with them. The use of the name of Markle's might quite added nothing to the article for most Canadian readers and

hurt a great many people in Egmont and Newmont, where the "extended family" is said to originate. When Markle has lived longer among us he will find that there are times in society living when you need your neighbors. As the Manitobans say, "In trouble neighbors come to once friends stop to dress." I hope that when Markle is in need he may have some neighbors left.

BUTR HUNT, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

My December you on the content of the December issue of *Maritime*. The article *Early Morning Afterthoughts* was particularly enjoyable. Robert Markle very acutely captures the essence of Gordon Lightfoot. But these words will never be adequate enough to describe the complex energy that always underlies Gordon's content doesn't necessarily mean that he is taken for granted. For many people across this country have, and not breathe this man's music. I wonder how many of us have stood like their lives, waiting and listening in silence — but, nevertheless, in recognition of this unique Canadian. At times Gordon may feel discouraged when the land has fallen for a period of time — but, oh, the crops that are reaped at harvest!

S. E. FIDAL, MONTREAL

### Love is all we need

My wife and I wish to convey to you and your able staff our latest appreciation of the splendid issues of *Maritime* which we have been receiving of late. My wife said tonight: "*Maritime* is now a truly Canadian magazine." I am so glad of this. With a population of 30 million there is no reason why there shouldn't be one, and Peter C. Newman is the one to create such a magazine.

HARLEY SELWYN, CLEWINGTON, FLA.

It just so often nice to congratulate you on your fine magazine. I have been taking it for years and I mean years, as I'll soon be 66 years old and going strong. But the November issue was the best I have ever read — and more power to you in future.

(MRS.) SCHEIDT DRYER, TORONTO

### Life in the 51st state

On page 74, sandwiched between a letter from A. Chastrette (Chastrette Dwyer) and *John Leckie's* *And The Canadian Dream*, in the December issue of Canada's national magazine there appears an advertisement

for a ski holiday in Quebec. If I knew my state and zip, as required in the clip-out coupon, I could write for the free brochure.

PAUL KITCHEN, OTTAWA

### Maurice Strong

I read with interest your article on Maurice Strong, *Mr. Clean At A Canoe* (November), in which you describe his rise to a position of international prominence with the United Nations. At one point in his career, Strong was associated with Power Corporation of Canada Limited. Just much as parts of the article dealt directly — but inaccurately — with this association, I think it is time that the facts be made known.

Item: The article states: "In Montreal, the board pinned Strong then offered him the job. He said he had first to talk to Thomson, whom he liked but could not see was bent because the board didn't want him as president." I have been a member of the board of directors of Power Corporation since 1957. I was one of those directors who, on September 18, 1964, proposed the establishment of a Search Committee for senior executive talent capable of eventually assuming the corporate presidency. At that time, I was 35 — three years older than Strong. Strong was listed as executive vice-president in the hope that he would be able to assume the presidency within a few years. In fact, I was executive vice-president at that time and on June 25, 1969, the board appointed me as Chairman, President and Chief Executive Officer of the corporation. It was on October 26, 1964, that the board approved Strong's promotion to the presidency.

Item: Strong is directly quoted as having said that he put forward the following conditions precedent to the board of Power Corporation: 1) "I want to keep the presidency of CIGO (his former employer) for two more years." Strong's employment contract provided that only during the first year of his employment by Power Corp. could he continue as an officer of CIGO and "remain available to that company such reasonable amounts of time, not to exceed a maximum of an average of two (2) days per month." 2) "I want to spend half my time with YMCA." There was no provision in Strong's contract whereby he would be paid to spend half his time with the YMCA. On the contrary, it provided that he was to be compensated, Strong would "devote his whole time and attention to furthering the business." / continued on page 14

## Since 1962, the Hansons' Maytags have washed and dried for a steady stream of 960 children.

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"We are foster parents who run a receiving home for young children," write Mr. and Mrs. Hanson.

They report their Maytag Washer and Dryer put in 15 hours a day, 7 days a week. Yet only 1 repair in 8 years!

Not long ago we got a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hanson, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. "What would we do without our Maytag Washer and Dryer?" they asked.

In addition to the laundry for the hundreds of young children who have gone through their receiving home these past eight years, their Maytags have also done everything for their own family, which includes their son, Bill, and six adopted children. These machines have washed and dried literally thousands of loads in their eight years. Yet they've only needed one repair.

"We will swear by Maytag 100%," state the Hansons.

Of course, today you can get New Generation Maytags with all the latest features. A washer with giant-capacity tub. A Maytag Halo of Heat™ Dryer with Electronic Control. Both have Maytag's special Permanent Press Cycle.

We don't say all Maytags will equal the record the Hansons have enjoyed. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



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THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE



Your View continued / of the corporation, "bearing in mind of course that any responsible citizen is always aware of the need to allocate some of his or her time to devote to community and welfare initiatives." 3) "I want to be executive vice-president, which will let you make that president but I want it to be my conviction that I will be president in two years and I want the same authority as the president." I am grateful for Strong's reticent attitude. The record will show, however, that at all relevant times during his tenure I was chairman, chief executive and by far the largest shareholder in Power Corp. —and conducted myself accordingly. 4) "I want bigger stock options, but at higher share market price." Strong was given several executive stock options which, by the way, were identical to those granted me when I was appointed to the chairmanship and presidency — i.e. 10,000 old common shares at \$50 per share which were split on a 3 for 1 basis during 1983.

Here, the article states: "By 1986, when Pearson called Strong to CIDA,

Strong said, terminating our talk to run over his convenience speech, he dropped a \$200,000 salary and \$250,000 in unexpired options." The clear implication here is that Strong made quite valuable financial sacrifices to enter government service. In fact, when Strong left

Power Corporation on September 30, 1986, his salary, including director's pay, exactly \$35,000 per year. If he had remained with the corporation until the termination of his contract on September 1, 1987, he would have been entitled to exercise his remaining stock options for a total of \$5,000 new common shares of the capital stock of the company. However, when he gave notice of the termination of his services, his rights to exercise any of the options not already exercised by him thereupon terminated, leaving him the right to only claim \$5,000 of the \$5,000 new shares remaining. Due to the fact that he was leaving the company to go into public service, the board allowed him to pick up 15,000 more new shares than he was entitled to (i.e. 40,000). Strong did not give up anything but was, in fact, rewarded to the extent of approximately \$75,000 (the difference between the last sale on September 30, 1986, of \$100s and the option price of five dollars) — a remarkable financial sacrifice indeed! Besides to say, it is obvious that the value of the unexpired options on the 10,000 new shares could not total \$250,000 or

anything even close to that figure. That Mr. Strong is a first-class executive and public servant is quite clear. So, too, is the fact that, when it comes to resulting events, his memory is just as fallible as yours and mine. PETER H. THOMSON, MONTREAL

## Pass the Tuna

Peter Newman's interview with E. P. Taylor — *The Table Talk Of E. P. Taylor* (November) — could have fruitfully included a paragraph on the "good citizen" he proudly proclaimed Taylor is a master at avoiding Canadian taxes, despite the obvious fact that Canada has treated him so well. He is now a resident in the Bahamas, pays no Canadian income taxes and managed to escape the tax consequences of his extremely profitable sale of Woodfields Farm — which appeared to value a thousand-fold, not because of his genius or initiatives or productivity but because the population of Toronto increased without any assistance or effort on his part. In our free economy, which still works better than any known alternative, ignoring the responsibilities of citizenship are unacceptable, if legal, but Taylor distancing himself as "a good citizen" is a bit much. DONALD NEEDLE, TORONTO

\* Surely there is something wrong with a society that will pay homage to the kind of greed and gluttony exemplified by Ray Thomson — *The Table Talk Of Ray Thomson* (December). He confesses he cannot spend more than a fraction of his colossal income, and what he does spend, apparently, goes straight to his stomach ("I could do without culture and I could do without art, I can do without the theatre. But I can't do without eating"). He regrets being deprived of his Canadian citizenship when he accepted his title and regards it as punishment for adding a trustee. The stars and the strata disgust me. NED CHIN HAMMER, GUELPH, ONT

## View from the back 40

In reply to E. R. Koster — *First View* (December) — who asks: "Does the federal government owe these farmers a living?" My answer is, No. All we want is a right to work our own land and reap a fair price for what we produce. "Share us subsistence then," he asks, "because they like to farm and don't want to learn new skills so they can move out of farming to take

usually-meant jobs in other occupations?" Perhaps one for saying this, but get off the pot. Farmers spend a lifetime investing time, love, labor and money in their farms, and not so government can push them off their land into something they don't want. And what jobs are available, unemployment the way it is? Those education and skill-training programs are already overcrowded with people who can't find work in the urban economy. There are urban people who want training and can't get into the programs. There are people who have had the training and cannot find jobs.

His last question is a dilly. "Why not let the farming industry become efficient?" In case you don't know it, our Canadian farmers are the most efficient primary food producers in the world. If you think that getting large, efficient farming operations allows cheaper food production for Canadians you are wrong. Just let the big monopolists (usually U.S.) get control of food production and see how food prices will soar. Big supermarkets were originally supplied to lower food costs by buying without distributors. What a laugh. JUDY WILKE, GUELPH, ONT

## How new, Bobby Orr

We would like to comment on the article *Kaleidoscope For Each Other* (November) by Bobby Orr and Gordie Howe. We found Howe's article on Orr very interesting. However, we read early that he was completely misinformed on one point. How poor the impression that, even after being a game, Bobby Orr would sign autographs and then, when time ran out, would say glibly: "Thank me, I have to go." While this once may have been true, we are afraid that it's no longer so, and the following story is a case in point.

The incident took place on February 16, 1971, in Toronto, after a game in which Howe had dominated Toronto. We were standing right behind the door of the Bruins' bus and three boys (about 10 years old) were standing on the steps of the bus waiting for Bobby Orr. When Orr finally showed, he didn't sign any autographs but he certainly did say, "Excuse me, I have to go." He physically pushed the best out of the way and yelled, "Look under the way!"

"Bumble, bee and point" may have been an accurate description of Bobby Orr two years ago but, unfortunately, it is no longer applicable. K. WEST AND J. JAMES, PORT CREST, ONT



## The Peppermint Martini.

Somebody once said, "If the perfect martini is ever created, it won't be a martini." Contradictory (Honest). It breaks the palate, makes a well-chilled drink seem even colder and tastes as briskly explosive on the tongue as it feels going down.

The two things that stood between the martini and perfection were gin and vermouth. Substitute Smirnoff for gin and you're halfway home. But what can you substitute for

vermouth? We haven't found it yet, but we think we've come close. Peppermint Schnapps! (Honest). It breaks the palate, makes a well-chilled drink seem even colder and tastes as briskly explosive on the tongue as it feels going down.

An added plus is that after a few sips it makes your mouth taste terrific.



You might consider trying one or two when you're getting together with a person you care for. Meantime we'll keep trying to come up with something even more perfect.

**Smirnoff**  
it leaves you breathless

So long Mother England,  
farewell Uncle Sam

Canada is my country. I have lived here nearly all my life and I am a Canadian.

A Canadian is a man whose people have lived in Canada for several generations; he is an Irishman newly arrived from Cork and an Ukrainian from Derry; he is a Japanese from Kyoto, a Scot from the Outer Hebrides and a Slav from Central Europe; he is a Laplander, an Inlander, an Indian, an Eskimo, a laborer from Manchester and a peer from the Home Counties. A Canadian is any one who chooses to spend his life within that part of the globe bounded by Cape Horn and the 20th Parallel and Nunavut Sound and the North Pole.

He may even be an American.

Neither, I think, is taller and more dangerous than the assumptions (which some members of my own ideological brotherhood are embracing) that there is an easily called-for Canadian people which, by virtue of blood strain or living on the ground 50th or a combination of both, has prior claims to land and jobs and profits. Surely because so many Canadians — a Canadian is a hybrid, the product of many other strains, and there may be no value. Dangerous because my myth relating to race or people carries with it implications of superiority which, if encouraged,

may lead at the very least to the inclusion of much-needed brakes and buffers. At this time is our history, when an aggressive nationalism is rampant over most of the world, the Canada I believe in and live takes justifiable pride in herself as a nation that is so self-righteously arrogant. If I am not even sure that I am as happy as Lester Pearson about our having a flag of our own. A flag generates an emotional aura which encourages people to shed such things

He is now a professor of English at the University of Southwestern and the author of numerous books on the West, including *Frontiersmen Riding West Through The Storm* and *Reminiscence*.

(An American colleague of mine says he came to Canada several years ago so that he could boast of living in a country that didn't have a flag. It is sad that we have lost a unique claim to distinction and adder still that we are beginning to emulate our neighbors in making the flag the central symbol of those grotesque pseudo-religions, patriotism and neo-statism that in the United States are still quietly called football games.)

My Canada is not aggressive — she is peace loving, but she is no longer content to play the juvenile lead in a Victorian melodrama. (Youngster escapes from the authority of a domineering mother only to find herself apprenticed to the coarseness of a wicked uncle who exploits our hero's talents and has an eye on his unborn

Since Think what Dickson might have done with the undeveloped Northrop Frye once described colonizers, in an inspired phrase, as "the frostbite at the root of the Canadian imagination" I think we have thinned out from the frostbite only to fall victims to an even more debilitating agent — nerve gas. The United States plays a curiously paradoxical role in our lives. On the one hand her sheer power seems to infuse a kind of stupefied content, to set on our own lives in anything

seems ill-fitting in the face of the Albigensian. On the other hand the fact is a source of genuine comfort to us, for we are able to blame all the ill that afflicts us on the neighbor who, we argue, controls our press strings and hence our lives. Thus, we scream to high heaven when a Canadian publishing house tells us to an American buyer [we would scream even louder if the government stood our ground in order to subside our publishers] and we demonstrate our support of native literature by gifting our same donors for the latter Canadian need on the written but at the public library.

The Credits in which I place my hope is foregoing the excesses the world's overtime in the past. Colonialism and American imperialism have served us well in their time, but the parent-and-uncle figure no longer intervene to move us from or to justify our follies. We are in fact no longer Earle Berney's high-achieve/lead/lead not an adolescent/lead viable laughs and sudden fairs, bright clients who gauging presence. We have at long last grown up.

Wander has helped to shock us into maturity. We have come to recognize the existence of a tragic situation within our own bounds which we cannot blame on any outside influence and which we ourselves must resolve.

It permits it. It is rightly a matter of pride with us that we have achieved independence and an honorable place among nations without resort to either revolution or civil war, but all that we have achieved we owe, through prejudice and blindness, to danger of throwing away "In the same city, two continents differ side by side, with different traditions, different ideals, without sympathy or comprehension." So Rupert Brooke wrote of us nearly 60 years ago. If he takes us all the interesting time to comprehend the miracle of our attainment of national problems and even to understand the problems of the United States and Canada I believe it will someday add to comprehension the sympathy without which resolution of the problem is impossible.

My Canada is a country big enough in acreage to provide and develop half a dozen or more regional cultures and big enough in spirit to respect them all. I am all for robust unity, for putting our shoulders to the wheel and pushing in more or less the same direction, but I don't think unity need imply uniformity. I would like to think that we are big enough and wise enough not only to tolerate but positively to encourage the flourishing among us of countries whose genius, in Edith Sitwell's words, "is not built to fit the commonness or countenance of the crowd," and to acknowledge what a surely a fine thing it is that the influence of Canada's diverse and colorful group of the world's people makes the wisdom and most of the soul of their nations.

How Quebec may be played a role infinitely more significant and constructive than most of us, distracted as we are by numerous violence and the material demands that we speak French or lose our jobs, may realize.

"The chief fault of French Canadian," wrote Rupert Brooke has shown us, "is that they are not absorbed in it that they well are understood that increase of imports and volume of trade and number of multinationals are the measures of a city's greatness." Well, the natives of Quebec now want their fair share of multinationals, no doubt about that, but they still stubbornly insist on the supreme value of their regional culture, of which the French language is the most obvious symbol. Perhaps there is a small consolation in this. "We could realize it — that the only way we so urgently seek can best be achieved through the preservation of what we have."

Some of our wise men, George Grant amongst them, say that the time / *continued on page 48*



## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

Kelvin Trudelo grew up in the coal-decked-out of Upper Outremont, Ann Chumey, who writes so well of that childhood and adolescence on page 26, grew up in Montreal, too — only as English-speaking neighborhood, which was another kind of detachment. "That was in the Fifties," says Ann, whose parents brought her to Canada from Poland when she was nine, "and the only French Canadians we met were the milkmen or the postman. Of course, there were others around, but you never thought of them as neighbors."

She went to McGill for arts, the Sorbonne for French Culture and Language and returned to McGill for a master's in French Literature. Back in Montreal in the mid-Seventies she discovered "the city beyond the confines of the small English-speaking ghetto." She didn't have to look far: The University of Montreal had just switched from an M.A. PhD program to the French degree system, which wasn't readily recognized in North America. So lots of U of M graduate students came over to McGill way to find themselves put down for their Quebec French. "Not one of the French faculty at that time was French Canadian," Ann says, "and they used to make little jokes, like, 'My children are bilingual, they speak French at home and Quebecois on the streets.' The thing that struck me was that I, as a newcomer to Canada, was more accepted than French whose ancestors had been here since 1600, simply because I spoke white."

New "I'm more contented with the direction and form independence will take than whether it should happen."

In an age of the writer as public performer, Ann Chumey is a welcome oddity: the lady is very serious about her privacy, to the point where she would allow us only this advertisement for herself: "For the last few years my work has alternated between political commentary and fiction." (The commentary appears regularly in *Maclean's*.) "The Trudelo piece presented a personal dilemma," she says "because of my own obsession with privacy, I found it difficult to probe into her life. Yet I felt that, since his held over so many voters was based on personal attraction, this was an important article to do." And to publish. ■

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# THE BANKERS

## PART 1

*Measuring the power of Canada's banks and the very private men who run them*

There are some streets in the world where what you think about when you're walking down them is Money. Only that. One of them, of course, is Wall Street and another is Threadneedle in the centre of the City in London and the Money you think about on each of those streets is very different.

On Wall, you think of fast money, conglomerate money, money talked about in aggressive voices by men with well-buried necks drinking Scotch straight up in Oliver's bar around the corner from Lehman's Bank. And on Threadneedle what you think about is discreet money being courted behind the pinnacles in the window boxes and talked about in breath-cooled Bentley's driving up from Kent and Surrey.

On a grey street in downtown Toronto — the long block of King running west from Yonge to just beyond Bay — you think of yet another kind of Money: careful, Canadian money. Money saved up by high-school principals, widows with nickels on their neckties, retired railway engineers. Money gathered by saving time with teller eyes. Canada's Bankers. The men who run the staunchest banking system in the world and exercise more financial power than anybody else in the country.

In that single block on King, around the corner from the wider reaches of the brokerage houses on Bay Street, are massive buildings belonging to the Big Five Canadian Banks: the head offices of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Toronto-Dominion Bank as well as the chief regional operations of the Bank of Montreal and the Royal Bank, whose headquarters are in Montreal but whose business is coming more and more in Toronto.

The wind blows down that block as though through a tunnel, and just after high noon every weekday, as the typists swirl by in shiny boots and eye paint, black limousines with tinted windows nose into it, chauffeur-driven, immediately immune to parking tickets. Out of those cars step corporate men on their way to carefully pry some of the careful money out of the careful bankers' over-lambent that are held in private dining rooms and buzz with phones like "boarding lines of credit" and "intruding debt equity ratios." What the corporate men acknowledge by coming to this block (and to blocks

not unlike it in Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg and especially Montreal) is the economic clout of the bankers. Because they control what is by quite a wide margin the largest pool of private investment capital in the country, the men who run the banks strongly influence and are affected by every fluctuation in the Canadian mood, every rattle in the nation's economy, every rumour in its political life.

The nine Canadian chartered banks — the Big Five, plus the Banque Provinciale and the Banque Canadienne Nationale (operating largely in Quebec), the Bank of British Columbia in Vancouver and the New York-controlled Dominion Bank — together have assets of more than \$10 billion. This is an amount of money so enormous that theoretically, if it were translated in one sum, it could pay back all the foreign money invested in Canada. The five biggest Canadian banks are impressive even as an international setting: ranking among the 50 largest banking institutions in the world, with five Royal coins eighth.

It is the very size and concentration of the banks that have helped make the Canadian banking system the strongest and safest in the world. (There hasn't been a bank failure here since 1923, yet in the U.S. banks still fail at the rate of 25 a year.)

There are more bank branches (16,300 at latest count) than taverns in the country and Canadian write (not mail) five cheques, money orders and drafts every business day on their 20 million accounts. This makes us among the biggest consumers of banking services in the world and, in terms of per capita savings, among the dirtiest people on earth. (When you think of France, you visualize wine-drinking, when you think of Greece, you remember auto dives, if you're trying to characterize Canada, you'd do well to think of banks.)

Small wonder, then, that the senior bankers, the chairmen of the Big Five who set the tone and policies for the whole system, tend to think of themselves not as being in business but as having a calling. As the self-applied custodians of the free-enterprise philosophy, they view the business ethic as a beautiful discipline, secondnature to reward the worthy and the able. The really first-rate bankers identify so totally with their work that they regard their professional discussions as general ex-

**BY PETER C. NEWMAN**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERALD CAMPBELL

senses of personal feelings. This leads them to the conclusion that anyone enjoying the benefits of loans does so solely should have a similar outlook. William Nicks, life chairman of the Nova Scotia, advanced the theory to his bank's annual meeting in 1970 that paying income tax was good for the poor. "The objective of removing large numbers of people from the tax roll is contrary to the long-term interest of a participatory society," he said. "No matter how small, the act of doing a tax return and paying a levy helps to bring home the fact that nothing is free and that new stresses mean new taxes."

Secure is the security of their faith: the senior bankers discharge their power with all the self-conscious virtue of representative elders at a Presbyterian synod. Excuse for compulsory attendance at annual meetings of shareholders, the odd appearance before parliamentary committees and here speaking engagements, they are intensely private individuals, distinguished by two main passions — the first for the efficient management of the funds entrusted to them, the second for anonymity.

This sense of self-imposed mystery is based in part on the fact that the commodity the banks handle happens to be money, and in a society that measures most things by monetary standards the bankers are automatically endowed with great power, a situation that makes them uncomfortable. "Power is something political," says Eric McLaughlin, who as president and chairman of the Royal is the nation's most important banker. "What we have is responsibility."

Responsibility is a concept the bankers understand. It's a middle-class virtue and, despite their exalted place in the country's fiscal framework, they are middle-class men and proud of it. Fitted more by temperament than by birth for their high station, only one of the five now currently in command of the Canadian banking system went beyond high school and all have developed their entire working lives to the institutions they head. During the Twenties and Thirties, when the men who now run the banks were growing up in rural English Canada, banks were the only passport to the outside world for bright boys whose parents couldn't afford to send them to university. "The old story in New Brunswick," says Eric McLaughlin, "was that a young man could either cut wood, grow potatoes or join the Royal." McLaughlin himself is the only Big Five chairman to have a university degree, though he kept that fact well concealed during his long climb to the Royal's chairmanship.

In a way, the bankers are the primitives of Canadian business. They do not believe in nepotism. Unlike the investment dealers, underwriters and stockbrokers who perpetuate the influence of established wealth and the right private schools, the bankers function as an elite without direct contacts or shibboleths.

The top banker lifestyle is modest. Although the salaries of the bank chairmen range between \$150,000 and \$200,000 a year, they seldom indulge themselves in visible luxuries and are proudly outtraged by such dependables as long yachts, young mistresses, thoroughbred horses, polo ponies and dollar dollars. They tend to take their pleasure on golf courses and at summer cottages, very much as they would if they were still local branch managers.

The authority they possess is very old but it is a relegated form of power, in the sense that it represents an inherited part of a position rather than an individual. Aware of this distinction, they move softly, most often exercising their leverage in a negative way through the ability to withhold favors. Just as their talent lacks any definable doctrine, so their passions often seem heretically sealed off from everyday concerns. It is enough for them to know that no matter who they / continued on page 77

## MONEY LOOKS: CANADIAN BANKING'S BIG FIVE



**NEIL McKINNON**



**POSITION:** Chairman, Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce (established 1967) assets \$13.4 billion, number of branches

**1968:** Canada's second largest bank, with particular strength in Ontario and the West, specializes in large corporate accounts and mining loans

**CAREER:** Joined the bank as a 14-year-old clerk at Cobalt, Ont., after leaving high school; moved to head office, 1945, appointed president, 1956. Has spent his entire 47-year career with the Commerce

**PROFILE:** Aloof, but unlike most bankers has been sponsored by his life experience and holds deep-rooted connections about the joys of the free-enterprise system

**LEISURE ACTIVITIES:** Golf, duck hunting and salmon fishing

**LAST BOOK READ:** *Medievalism*

*Portrait Of A Sea by Ernie Strickland*

**LAST FILM SEEN:** No time for films

Last play he attended was *Madness IV*

**TYPICAL QUOTE:** "Canada has always been undercapitalized because most of the industrial development here took place during and after World War II, when the welfare state had started. In the U.S., on the other hand, most of the growth took place during the 19th century when large pools of private capital could still be collected. Here, the large pools of capital have had to be provided by financial institutions, particularly the banks, rather than individuals."

**PRIVATE OFFICE:** Small office on seventh floor of the Commerce building in downtown Toronto; furnished to look like the study of an expensive home with chandeliers and three windows of 24 panes each



**WILLIAM NICKS**



**POSITION:** Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Bank of Nova Scotia (established 1983) assets \$2.1 billion, number of

branches 806 Canada's fourth largest bank, specializes in consumer loans with heavy emphasis on international business.

**CAREER:** Joined the bank in Winnipeg as clerk at 17 after leaving high school in 1923; moved to head office, 1928; appointed president, 1956. Had spent his entire 48-year career with the Bank of Nova Scotia

**PROFILE:** Intensely private, totally self-made individual who met bankers with stately politeness and never assumed quite as nice outside his office

**TYPICAL QUOTE:** "You've probably heard Jack Benny say on television 'There's

no business like show business.' I say he doesn't know what he's talking about. If that there's no business like the banking business, in my book, there's no opportunity like it."

**PRIVATE OFFICE:** Smallest of the Big Five banks, on the sixth floor of the Bank of Nova Scotia building in downtown Toronto, furnished with elegant antiques, has only two windows, usually kept the drapes drawn so he didn't have to look at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce headquarters across the street. Decor is a resolutely minimal grey-green

As this issue went to press, we learned of the sudden death of William Nicks. At this writing, a successor has not been named.



**EARLE McLAUGHLIN**



**POSITION:** Chairman and President, The Royal Bank of Canada, established 1869, assets \$12.5 billion, number of branches 3,146. Canada's largest and most aggressive financial institution.

**CAREER:** Joined the bank in 1936 as a teller in Toronto after graduating with a BA from Queen's University and History, moved to head office, 1949, appointed president, 1970. Has spent his entire 30-year career with the Royal Bank.

**PROFILE:** Slumps through each day with the quiet enjoyment of a politician who is continually acknowledging popular agitation and believes the people will love him for it. He commands respect.

**LEISURE ACTIVITIES:** Some golf and curling, but claims "I can't really say

what I do in my leisure, because I don't even know how to spell the word."

**LAST BOOK READ:** Pierre Berton's CPR history, *The Last Spike*.

**LAST FILM SEEN:** "I haven't seen a movie in years."

**TYPICAL QUOTE:** "I don't believe that I have any power at all, though I do have a lot of responsibility. I'm frightened of losing business. Being a banker you can't exercise any power, all you can do is fulfill the responsibility you feel to your depositors, shareholders, staff and the public at large."

**PRIVATE OFFICE:** Modern but relatively modest, on the third floor of the bank's headquarters in Montreal's Place Ville Marie has desk-mounted switches which electronically close and lock or unlock and open all access doors and move the drapes across his six windows.



**ARNOLD HART**



**POSITION:** Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Bank of Commerce, established 1817, assets \$10.1 billion, number of branches 3,182. Canada's third largest bank, currently in the process of major modernization and expansion.

**CAREER:** Joined the bank as a clerk in Toronto after leaving school at 18; moved to head office, 1953, appointed president, 1959. Has spent his entire 41-year career with the Bank of Montreal.

**PROFILE:** Smoothly compelling personality with a bowler hat air about him. Occupies every niche in money; he is president over an internal revolution at his bank, struggled to regain his former pre-eminence in Canadian finance.

**LEISURE ACTIVITIES:** Golf and gardening.

**LAST BOOK READ:** *Jeeds The Thief* about the film industry.

**LAST FILM SEEN:** "It has been a long time since I have seen a motion picture and I must confess that the majority of films advertised today hold no interest for me whatsoever."

**TYPICAL QUOTE:** "We handle other people's money, the money of our depositors, and we lend it to another group of people, our borrowers, and we have to make sure that we perform a useful service on both sides, by marrying people who have surplus funds to those who need them."

**PRIVATE OFFICE:** Large chamber of the bank's Montreal head office with light made to look like old gas lamps, an original Knopff painting of the bank's first head office built in 1817, and three windows set in cedar paneled walls.



**ALLEN LAMBERT**



**POSITION:** Chairman and President, Toronto Dominion Bank, established 1869, assets \$6.5 billion, number of branches 700, an imaginative, largely urban bank with emphasis on medium-sized loans and deposits, fastest growth and diversification among the big five.

**CAREER:** Joined the bank at 15 as a clerk in Victoria after dropping out of high school, moved to head office, 1949, appointed president, 1960. Has spent his entire 46-year career with the Toronto-Dominion.

**PROFILE:** Managers to be wary without over-acting casual, the quiet ethereal of the Canadian banking community. His social conscience seems here, a special place among Canada's bankers.

**LEISURE ACTIVITIES:** Fishing, hunting, golf, tennis and swimming.

**LAST BOOK READ:** *The New Anatomy Of Britain* by Anthony Simpson.

**LAST FILM SEEN:** He never, *Big*, directed Henry Kiss and George Segal on TV.

**TYPICAL QUOTE:** "Banking is so competitive that you never feel you have the life-or-death decision on any project, because you know that if you can't tailor your program to meet a customer's needs he'll go elsewhere. Perhaps the greatest satisfaction comes from working with companies that have come on bad times and seeing them become prosperous again."

**PRIVATE OFFICE:** Large modern chambers on the eleventh floor of the towering Toronto-Dominion Centre in Toronto, decorated with original Corbuse paintings and Dalí's sculptures; has 14 windows.

## GROWING UP PRIVATE

with Maria, the Jesuits and the conscience of the rich

BY ANN CHARNEY

Unlike any other politician that Canada has ever known, Pierre Elliott Trudeau has been invested with the image of a man in tune with his times, unconventional and contemporary in a way that made other men his age seem like dinosaurs discarded in the eager rush of evolution. He was presented to the public as a man of no allegiances, the one person who could unite this country by bridging both the cultural gap and the generational gap.

This image is, or was, so widely accepted that it makes the idea of Trudeau as heir to the Victorian tradition seem ludicrous. Yet, the particular world that Pierre Trudeau was born into, and grew up in, was in many ways more a continuation of the Victorian era than a prelude to the modern age he was believed to personify.

Anyone who tries, as I did recently, to rediscover the world of Trudeau's youth becomes quickly aware of two themes: Pierre Trudeau's childhood and adolescence were lived in an atmosphere reminiscent of the best tradition of the 19th-century pulp novels, where the characters were intended to be "mentally uplifting" to the general mass of readers. And growing up as he did, in circumstances conditioned by class and by his family's unique characteristics, Trudeau has always been separated by a gulf of experience from the needs and feelings of ordinary people living ordinary lives.

From the beginning the Trudeaus were a family unique in their own milieu. Trudeau's father, Charles-François Trudeau, a farmer's son, started adult life in circumstances much like those of a large portion of the new French-Canadian middle class. In 1919, as the postwar boom began, he was a lawyer, one of a group of new professionals of modest origins struggling to support their growing families. By the time of his early death in 1935, at age 43, he managed to leave his family with a sizeable fortune that put them well into the millionaire class. His achievement is particularly impressive when one remembers that

he consolidated his wealth during the Depression at a time when other men considered themselves fortunate if their families had enough to eat.

His origins were modest enough. His father Joseph, the Prince-Montreal's grandfather, was unable to read or write until well into adulthood, and then only enough to sign his name. The family lived near the small village of St. Michel de Nagerville, south of Montreal, where, like most of their neighbors, they earned their living through farming. The life was bleak, primitive and frugal.

Even then, the Trudeaus were different. The family had the highest ambitions for their children, a characteristic quite uncommon in their milieu. While all the farmers' children in St. Michel got their education at the local village school, Charles-Emile and his brothers were sent, at some sacrifice, to study at the best Jesuit schools in the province. From that time on,

Charles's upward mobility was quick and remarkable. Joseph Trudeau, who had toiled on his land and traveled all night, once a week, to sell his produce at the horsemeats market in Montreal, lived to see the birth of his grandson, Pierre, in 1919. This grandson was to grow up as an aristocrat of one kind or another, to attend the best schools, where he often arrived in a chauffeur-driven family limousine, and then, one day, to become the 16-year-old prime minister of Canada.

The link between these two, in more than just the biological sense, was Charles-Emile, Pierre's father. Through him the young boy remained tied to, and reminded of, his French-Canadian peasant origins. But the father died when Pierre was 16 and the link was abruptly severed. From then on another family, largely Anglo-Saxon, suburban, cultivated and formed in on itself — his father's very different world — claimed him as its own.

Until his death, Charles-Emile Trudeau was the kind of person who must have dogged the household and set its tone, at least during those hours. / continued on page 62



## FACING UP PUBLIC

to Richard Hase, the Technological Revolution and the FLQ

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

In the last 18 months Canadians have learned that they can't hide from the 20th century. Remotely, it teaches us those lethal lessons that break the hearts of socialist liberals: that good intentions do more harm than good if they ignore the nature of the human animal; that men pay to lose if they insist that their success deserves a fat reward; that no welfare state can fare well if it aims at nothing more than care of the physical; that nothing costs more mental sacrifice than freedom, that in a culture cut loose from its roots it is often difficult to tell the difference between a pettinana and a Mafia capo; that most of our liberal leaders can think of nothing else but to transfigure the violence that always erupts when a culture betrays or outgrows its original context.

In such a time the usual customs are useless. The only custom that can save is the custom of a wary fighter circling the ring against a much stronger man, knowing the gambler has all laid their bets against him. Canada is in the ring now. Not the next 10 years, not even the next five, but the next two are likely to decide whether we shall win enough demands to survive and create some spark of new life on this self-devastated continent or be processed into its mass as our old farmers' cheese have been homogenized into products that look, in their cellophane, so much cheaper than any natural cheese there ever was.

In such a time the character and personality of the national leader are far more important than in seasons when the winds blow soft. He becomes a target, a focus, a catalyst, more than a mere man.

So it is impossible to detach Pierre Trudeau the man from Pierre Trudeau the prime minister, besieged by a multitude of interconnected and often contradictory forces which have grown out of past history, present economics, the uncertain future of technology and American pressures apparently aimed at a total economic and political take-over of our whole country. Can he serve as

a focus and a force to release in us the saving energies that have been lulled to sleep ever since the Second World War?

Over against Trudeau stands another man whose history has, by the throat, as it becomes impossible to see Trudeau solely within the cage and pressures of his office at home. He must also be seen within the cage and pressures that have imprisoned Richard Nixon.

When Pierre Trudeau was a private citizen, which seems only yesterday, I met him several times and flattered myself we were at least casual friends. But soon after he became prime minister, I heard people who had known him for 30 years admit with chagrin that they did not know him now. If Trudeau has become an unknown quantity to his old friends, the explanation may be a simple one. He is rare in many respects, but in none more than in this: he had to reach his late forties before discovering that the only job that really fitted him was the highest and loneliest in the land.

Though I was never an intimate friend of Trudeau's in those early days, I can at least say that thus far my estimate of the private man is still in accord with my estimate of the public one. The first time we met, I thought he had the clearest, most succinct mind I had ever encountered. When he assumed office in 1968, I was sure he would try to expose some of his ruthless clarity to the Canadian people, who had been conditioned by years of Mackenzie King to believe that business is the supreme mark of the mature politician. I expected him to force certain issues so that Canadians would have to stand up and be counted for or against their leader's ideas of how this country must think and act if it is to survive.

He wasted no time in doing just that. Indeed, he set to work while he was still minister of justice. He saw / continued on page 72







THE ONLY LIVING  
FATHER OF  
CONFEDERATION

So, what did you expect, a gold watch?

When the old man came to the end of the bar, with his mouth full of the last of the race, he turned and walked out of the room, through the automatic doors, into the night.

It was his energy that had shaped the campaign, for although Smallwood had surged away from it until the last week and had turned most of the speaking and touring over to his local candidates, he had been the issue. In the bars and supermarkets the parties were almost never unseasoned. The talk was of Joey.

Caldwell, 50 or 55, gray hair and stomach caught by a belt, whirling down the hill toward the St John's harbor. "Oh, I think it's time for him to go, you know. Twenty-five years he's been it. The young people aren't going to vote for him, and..."

The campaign was built around Joey, his age, his politics, and his music. For the gap between Small and me, / continued on page 56

# HOLDING ON

Why Mr. Paul Power of South East Light, Newfoundland, is not gone down the road

In the Maritimes, by the concession roads near the small towns, there are frame houses turning black from neglect. A century of life has given darkness to their walls and stairways and hallways and front rooms. Now they've been left to fall into the weeds. They look like an indignity in someone's last resort.

The houses are the disappearing records of a culture abandoned for the values of the city, left behind by a generation gone down the road, seeking the futures of the factories and the offices of Upper Canada.

But in Newfoundland, where the Smallwood government threw its support behind the city and turned its back on the countryside, where the remnants of small towns are fragile and inadequate and cracked and broken, where unemployment is the real enemy in Canada, a change of mood is being felt. Newfoundland's attempts to close the supports into folded Newfoundland was so recently a country is so open right that there is no escaping what it was. And there are those who are struggling to keep what it was in the past what it is in the present.

Also Lockyer laid down the cutting dies with which he was making organ bolts for a long-hair and brushed the black hair out of his eyes.

"Were as Woody intend to stay," he said, "whatever his to be done we'll do for ourselves. Nothing short of pain will get us out of here."

"Suppose it did come to that — suppose they sent the RCMP to take you off?" I suggested.

He grinned but appeared better. "In that case they'd have to find us. I suppose."

This little man, a 50-year-old outport Newfoundlander who looks far younger than he is, no taller than the provincial premier, Joey Smallwood, and many pounds thinner, looks like



BY HAROLD HORWOOD  
Photographs by John de Visser



a human rock before the fight. He's set himself the blowout of frustrating Joey's grand plan to "close down" the Newfoundland outports.

The plan is going badly, not only because of opposition from fishermen like Lockyer but because simply of political ones: no making connections come with them. Clarence Parsons and his wife Ramona know nothing about the outports until they moved to Lunenburg from California three years ago. Their daughter and her husband, their young son and Mrs. Parsons's mother are the only other inhabitants of this small Newfoundland island which once supported more than 100 families.

The Parsons clan is tough and experienced and making a success of pioneering. Most often and the help of neighbors' advice from the industrial era, they come straight out of school or college and head for a fishing boat. Fortunately, fishermen (chronically short-handed) are more than glad to share their work with long-haired young people who can tell them of the failures of the city. David and Linda Wilson, who went directly to Placentia Bay from McGill University, found a fishing crew who would take David on as a shareman. Fishermen are used to training "green hands," and are not grudging about a man's lap appearance. Plus Power, the gritty, balding leader of the near-rectified outports of the South East light, right next door to the harbor where the Wilsons settled, likes to describe himself as "the only one around here without hair."

Besides fishermen and would-be fishermen, the outports are attracting a few writers and artists, seeking places where life is quiet and is touch with basic realities: people like Scott Symonds from Toronto, George Noe, worthy and his wife from Boston, Christopher Pratt and his family from St. John's. Though they do not fish for a living, some of them have become community liars, deeply involved with the fishermen's way of life. They live at Trout River, Great Island Cove, Maddox Cove, Bannock Bay, Salmonier, St. Thomas, Hibbs Cove. They and the fishermen and the huggers have one thing in common, a love for the scenery that the outports have always offered, and an opportunity to rediscover country values.

Woody Island, like South East light, lies in Placentia Bay on Newfoundland's south coast. These miles of woods and shrouded fields, its one great asset is fish, for it lies on the breeding ground of herring and mackerel, cod. / *continued on page 51*





## RINGING THE CHANGES

Picking the stars is like selecting the jury. The trials are yet to begin. Consider the photograph above: It's a scene of a patriotic cabaret at the outbreak of World War I and is actually a minor scene in the *Jahns* series. It was shot in Toronto's Winter Garden Theatre, an aging but beautiful vaudeville house that had been left unused since its closing in 1905, a year before Mussolini published his second *Jahns* book. Elevators were smelted and 90 actors

and staff had to climb seven flights of stairs to get to the set. A hoist was brought in to lift cameras, sound equipment, lights, an entire orchestra, large water cooler and three portable washrooms. The scene (a favorite of Trent's) was alive with the sound of music, pump and period — a resounding success. Except the next day the lib. turned on shot. Another hour of shooting was ordered, so back to makeup and so these seven flights of stairs labor without joy is less, but the show must go on. During the filming of the pilot episode workers toiled at least 10 hours a day, some actors spent more than three hours each day being made up. All this before one camera rolled.

## COME HELL OR HIGH WATER

On the surface Mrs. Stroud (played by Dawn Greenfield) is being rowed during a pastoral and romantic moment by Edan (played by James Hurdle) on a lake near Jahns in the summer of 1920. Under the surface the camera and sound crew struggle to record the scene. Jahns story consultant Alice Sinclair had the tedious task of going through all the *Jahns* scripts and setting up an information index system of all manner of observations and facts. It was discovered that Holmes prefers three lumps of sugar in her tea and has long black hairs on her cheeks and chin. But there will be a discrepancy: Kate will be smooth-skinned. In the novels John is described both as a twentysix and thirtysix-year-old. The CBC makes it two stories: Holmes has a grey parrot that lives to be 102. The grey parrot is ordered but only a red one is found. Alice Sinclair says it will take three months, because of quarantine regulations, to import a grey parrot at great expense. In the novels Holmes the parrot tweets in Hindi. The parrot plays dumb. "He is not, not, not," he refuses to talk at all — "I'm going bananas," says Trent.



## ANXIETY IS THE BEDFELLOW OF ART

Here's a simple one. The recreation of a World War I battle scene at the Chetanihan Brickworks pit outside Toronto. A building is bombed (top left). Renney's (middle) and John Trent (bottom left) leaps into action to direct a shot. Cat, print 17? Not necessarily. First you have to get a plane to bomb the building. George Mall is hired to fly his Sopwith Pup. He puts German markings on it. The Department of Transport says he can't put on German markings without permission. The permission finally arrives. CBC production coordinator Lou Butterfield, meanwhile, has to come with regulations that make it easier for actors and staff to be on location. A canteen is hired. Twelve horses are brought in for a shot. An argument develops about who should clean up the horse droppings — special effects or stunts? Portable washrooms are brought in for crew and actors but someone uses the makeup trailer toilet by mistake. Trent wants it cleaned up and to keep equipment has to give himself. "CBC people who negotiate contracts have nothing to do with production in the field." Later he calls for extras for the battle scene. The 48th Highlanders send eager young men to the set. Trent has to explain that one can't be used because, well, there were no Reports in this segment.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS

When the sun finally set on the first *Jahns* episode John Trent had remade the pilot five times as paper and twice on film and had had no time to use the silver press clipping outfit. Further, he had bought for him at Tiffany's. The photograph below is from a scene in the second episode, home of Whitehead neighbors (left to right) Maurice Vaughan (played by David Hughes), Chris Dayborn (played by Patricia Collins) and Jim Dayborn (played by Nicholas Seniors). How all this sense of history, money spent and talent used came together to form a terrific TV series is up to you, reader, to figure out. As for us, we're content with appropriate scene from the series. (Our little work from the hole dish peep, "Came!" said Old Shovelers. "My!" said Dave.)





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The Australian Wine Board

## MEXICO OF MY MIND

BY WILLIAM STRANGE

It was exactly as it should have been. So after a while there was no reason ever to leave.

The most charm of Mexico is her rustic variety, overlooked by the tourists and never in the tourist mind by chance. It is the stuff of her whole history. It is built into her amazing geography: the vast array of altitudes, some with high volcanic peaks, the lovely tropic beaches, the central highland dry ridges and the rain, the plunging coastal slopes, some richly forested, some rock bare, and others where the fruits and flowers steadily dance in gay colorful cycle through the year. There is variety in road scenes, in local customs and in customs, providing spice to the lively, friendly people's lives. All these are Mexico, a very great treasurehouse.

You come down for a visit and find yourself involved in an affair. You embrace yourself and go back home, but you have to come back. There is so much you didn't see. Three warm winters (Hiroshima and I was hooked) I live in Mexico now, and shall be happy ever after.

By far the best way to see Mexico is by car, which is much easier than one might expect. My wife and I have driven thousands of miles all over the place without once finding into trouble that caused the least anxiety. Our first trip was the longest, and in retirement still remains the best. We wanted no escorted tours. We let the crew handle what for some time later. We dodged the push and excellent hotels whose aim, directed at the pocketbook, is to unnerve. We went for midsize places, where two can sleep in comfort for eight dollars or less and share a fine-class dinner with a drink or two for just about the same. We also sought out offbeat places not listed in the guidebooks which can be made more fun and cost quite sensibly less. And since we

strayed from the Texas border right down to Yucatan, where the fantastic Maya civilization once flourished, we saw a great deal of the variety. All went so well that we enjoyed the lot.

The drive down to the capital across the ocean was a dash. From industrial Monterrey, where the traffic's fierce, we climbed about 3,000 feet in something like an hour on a splendid winding highway, engineered with skill, though gorgeous scenery unspooled by hillside, and then were on the coast. Once there, you just sit back and go. The road is good and very nearly straight the whole 500 miles to Mexico City. The scenery is not entirely unexciting, either. Forests of weirdly shaped oaks catch the eye, while on other hand are desert mountains, huge or range, reaching sometimes into cloud, shaded wonderfully in brown and black of hiding into grey, massive yet extremely beautiful.

We could have made it in a heating day... but in the land of anarchy, why the heck? Instead, we turned for the night at a lovely, rather modern, small motel at a place called Matamoros, surprised to find we were at 3,000 feet. The air was clear, the sunset was a dream, and we sat in a fashionable little bar and sipped our fine tequila cocktails, here we saw our first completely genuine Mexican meal. The flavor of those enchiladas huge, generously stuffed with tender chicken, spiced not hotly but with delicious casing. You find such places easily down here.

Matamoros was Mexico City, which thrilled us, as it always does. It has so very much of everything. The choice of what to see is dazzling, so much of it so different from what you've seen before. The mystery of its kind perhaps the finest in the world, is a great. It is so monolithic stuffy building, but a place of light and air, superbly planned and architectured, where with clever care and understanding struts the whole quite fabulous part of really superb Mexico is beautifully spread before the eye and mind, and the story is told by charming guides, some English-speaking.

We saw the gay and gorgeous folkloric ballet, with its accomplished soloists and choros, its regional bands and dances. We went out to the (fabled) pyramids and temples at Teotihuacan (it takes a little time to get used to Indian names) where the old is now unfolded simply in a stunning show of light and sound and speech. We visited the great cathedral built in 1667, and the presidential palace which occupies a city block and has, day after, 3,100 windows. We took in a couple of night spots, one brilliant and brainy, the other gorgeous with guitars, but both we thought a little steep in price.

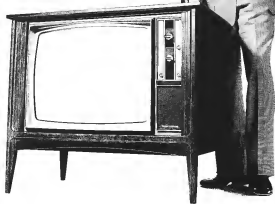
We then gave up. We hadn't scratched the surface or even begun to. So we went completely off the beaten track and took a rough day's drive up into the gap between the two great snow-capped volcanoes through which Cortes led his small adventurous tagging. (Continued on page 48)



The architecture of Uxmal stands as a monument to the Mayan civilization.

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Mexico continued / hand of men to conquest in one of history's bloodiest strokes. This put different complexities on the first affairs with Mexico, for it took us backward through the centuries. It took us far away from all the modern bustle, the tall new buildings jutting old colonial stratagems of far greater elegance, the obvious indications of wealth sleek by you with no less obvious poverty. With unquenchable eyes, we tried to see the city as it had been all those years ago, with all its buildings shimmering white like silver (which the Spaniards, at first sight, thought it was) and its brilliant flowered courtyard.

Now, in a glorious single seedling day we glided (so it sometimes seemed) downward 7,000 feet or so to the sea at Veracruz, a city of salty brightness, of church spires and minis, of trees and wharves. Land, sea and sky seem here somehow all blended into one — a clean, tidy and busy port, yet one where the life of life seems to flow quite gently. We paused to photograph the flowing Spanish fortress of San Juan de Ulúa, which has sat there on the water for hundreds of years, and then sought shelter for the night. But we never found it.

The trouble was our dog, an amiable German shepherd which was the friend of all mankind. "The dog's too large," the deck clerk said. "He is also black, and looks dangerous." "It would be impossible to hide this dog," the manager suggested. There was a city ordinance forbidding them to accept dogs, and it was, very strictly enforced. No dog, and that was that.

This was a worrying old down the road until we stumbled on a shocking great place of a place which, on arrival, turned out to be a hotel. Being outside the city limits the ban on dogs did not apply. It had two ballrooms, five swimming pools, six cabarets, and a general air of belonging somewhere early in the 19th century. (Furthermore, there was scarcely a ghost in sight.)

After a fair start in a very extremely long corridor, we were diffidently welcomed into a very large superbly furnished bedroom where everything was fine and comfortable. Also clean. The only trouble was the plumbing in the adjoining bathroom, which is not an entirely obvious situation in the oldest place. We tried all the taps for 15 minutes. No hot water. The girls was quite contemptuous. Only careful conscious made it work at all, and this had to be done every time we used it, for on each occasion the machinery broke down again. We

now know about this trouble. Our rule when taking a room is to try the pipe first.

The next day we drove 300 miles down to Campeche, a far-spread walled city on the coast which the priests used to mind in Henry Morgan's day. We crossed water on alarming ferries, photographed spaces across by the roadside, watched men board stretches of deserted beach, waved at people in tiny thatched-roof villages, and eventually came upon Campeche's great walls looming in the dusk.

We lodged in a clean but shabby inn built around a courtyard whose flowers were gloriously brilliant in next morning's light. This time, our room contained three double beds, and set into the walls were hooks from which hammocks could be slung to accommodate children. Mexican are apt to travel en famille, and families are large. Down here, and further south, many people never use a bed, the hammock being preferred.

The breakfast was superb. No silly little mark above the plate with all that delicate machinery. Just a valve. Turn it on, and you have Niagara Falls. Turn it off, and noise in the sudden silence. No flushing system in the world is more efficient.

The food was superb — if you like fish. Campeche is a famous fishing port, and cooking the catch is Campeche's art. We stayed as extra day because of it, rambling around the walls and inspecting ruined fortresses. Backward into history once again.

Next day, an early morning's drive took us back another 1,000 years. That we were now in Yucatan, well perhaps 2,000 years ago there arose the greatest of this continent's early civilizations. It covered Yucatan and other states of Mexico, most of Guatemala and reached down to San Salvador. It graced with wealth like for centuries, but had mysteriously faded out before the Spaniards came. Yet still of its great cities still stand, what vast, impressive, amazing, ancient Egypt in their luxury, each one a marvel of unimpeded art and architecture, just no two quite alike.

We took in half-a-dozen such sites down in Yucatan, marvelling now at such. We went out into distant villages, guided by a friendly anthropologist whose mother tongue was Maya, and found the people living as they have for centuries in slash-and-burn, thick-thatched huts, planting corn and beans, and burning for their meat. It seemed a lot more civilized

than what we take for civilization, for they are happy people, content with life, full of laughter, untouched by the turmoil of the world.

We didn't want to leave, but time ran out on us in this unexpected and glorious world of gentle folk and empty palaces, and we had to rush back northward to the daily rough-and-tumble. But we knew we'd come back. With Mexico, you always do. ■

#### How to go, where to stay

You can get any general information you need by writing the Mexican Government Tourist Bureau 305 Richmond Street West, Toronto 110, or 3 Place Ville Marie, Montreal. You'll need a tourist card to get into Mexico, and any travel agent can arrange one for you. It's also a good idea to carry a Canadian passport.

If you're driving, as we did, you can pick up tourist cards at your point of entry. Once in the country the best guide for motorists is the American Automobile Association's Mexico And Central America. You can get it from any branch of the Canadian Automobile Association. It lists almost all hotels and motels and their rates, contains route maps, provides a useful collection of Spanish words and phrases and gives lots of interesting — and pretty accurate — information about good places to visit.

The Mexican Department of Tourism maintains a special highway patrol on the most popular roads. They're green painted jeeps, equipped with standard spares, first aid and walkie-talkies. They're manned by trained policemen who speak English. They charge for the spares at cost and the service is free.

Hotel rates vary from cheap to outrageous, but two people can find accommodation almost anywhere for about \$10 a night, if they're careful. Good motels are usually about eight dollars. You can, of course, pay \$50 a day — and more — in Acapulco. But even there you can find a room for a little less than \$10 a night, sometimes less.

There are more than 50 tourist department offices in Mexico, all of them listed in the AA's guide book. With a few exceptions, they're very helpful.

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of regional climates in mind (try telling that to a Minuteman), and they may be right. But I can't see my Canada as anything other than a series of distinct geographical and people divisions loosely linked to a central government and the CMC, and separated from its neighbors by physical or economic barriers and each by issues of ethnic and environmental factors maintaining a way of life unlike those lived elsewhere in the land. To see this country as a homogeneous people under God and the Maple Leaf is beyond any powers of perception — perhaps because that isn't the way I want to see it.

What I wish for above all else is leadership we can all understand and follow. In most of the past and more so we need to see parliament return to regard themselves as public servants serving immediate needs. The great leader recognizes that the opinion of the many is formed and directed by the few, that his responsibilities extend far beyond keeping the clockwork of today faithfully happy to assure his reelection tomorrow. When the wise man of old said that without it was the opinion of people which he was talking about the voice not of the people themselves but of their leaders. We have had a few great men who find their goals in the future and worked toward them with undeviating aim some half of high water — Macdonald, Laurier and Woodsworth probably rank up the list — and we could do with many more like them. Men who know that the Shelleyan dream of man = Equal measured, divided and measured. Except for our words, desire, the day? Give himself our gentle voice, and we could do with many more like them. Men who know that the Shelleyan dream of man = Equal measured, divided and measured. Except for our words, desire, the day? Give himself our gentle voice, and we could do with many more like them. Men who know that the Shelleyan dream of man = Equal measured, divided and measured. Except for our words, desire, the day? Give himself our gentle voice, and we could do with many more like them.

My Canada approves the reckless exploration of our resources, no matter what profits from it. It is a pity we have made the United States our whipping boy, and worse of us who live

on the Prairies think we have good reason to fear northern rivers are being deflected by American-financed industries and our big city shrouded by American bombers making lightning runs over the Saskatchewan plains. The bombers we find the most disturbing, although they do the least material damage; their presence suggests that the big kid next door is finding his own way to small to play in his own yard, and is getting ready to move into ours.

We are extraordinarily vulnerable to exploitation. The United States, as pointed from the movement of people, the frontier was pushed steadily west by people pressure, and the land as Saint-Basile press it, was big enough to absorb their mistakes. But our frontier land, the North, is virtually unexploited, it holds resources for which the world is crying out, and the world is going to move in ahead of our people and take what it wants, not through armed assault but through corporate enterprise.

Corporate enterprise is a mighty force for good or evil. In itself it is neither good nor evil, it is a neutral life force of a profit. Profit benefits many people — often the wrong ones — and anything that threatens profit, like higher taxes, higher wages, insulated social services, production limitation, pollution control, the corporatism by nature resists — this whether it be labeled American or British or Canadian or German or Japanese, whether it be based in Calgary or Tokyo. Because of their insatiable power corporations can challenge and indeed resist government action from governments here and elsewhere, possibly resulting from the people to impose such checks and balances in industrial development as seem essential to the well-being of the nation. Never was the need of such checks more obvious in Canada than at the present time when our North is being opened up to progress and its abundant riches, and when the ex-

istence of even some of our mineral riches is being threatened by resource-hoarding entrepreneurs. The Canada I believe is slowly moving herself to an awareness of the dangers that threaten to damp this form of life.

I am an Englishman in Canada. I live in Canada because I hold it dearer than any other country I know, and I live in the west because I was brought up here and I found out long ago, by going west for a few years, that this is where my heart is and always will be. For a long time it simply didn't occur to me that the problems that bedevil our great industrial communities could ever affect us who live in the prairie heartland, but I know better now. We can no longer find some of our greatest rivers and lakes, there are chemical plants in more than one of our prairie rivers that raise a stink you can smell 10 miles off, and the bunkers along the river banks are not only our safeguards against nuclear war but have never quarried but symbols of our acceptance of controls alien to our way of life and thought. There have been other changes in the last few years, too, and I don't like some of them. Our farmers, and the divers, are far behind many of our efforts movements, have not out of money, most of those who have survived the years of overproduction and poor prices are still themselves now, content to hold their corners to the old-line party rules, and all Canada is the least thereby. But there are still enough evidence of imagination and downright rebellion among us to give even the worst Socialist something to look cheerful about occasionally. After all, a people who can make a hole in a mountain and turn the central Saskatchewan desert into a water-sports and via resort can do anything they set their minds to. Even some day write a good book.

The physical environment, too, is a spite of this that threatens it, it is a time for the troubled spirit. When you stand on a height of land — and we have them here in Saskatchewan and they are not all one-way, either — under the biggest sky on earth with the great river winding past your elbow, on its lovely way to the sea, and you see grain elevators up there from the horizon's line that is 30 miles away and you breathe deep of when it all this part of the blues, you can't help feeling, as you feel somewhere else, that whether hop-ping so high as ever over between you and the peace of God.

Except the bunkers floating the day overhead and the fish fishing belly up in the river. ■



Allen Gledhill  
President of the  
Toronto branch

Pierre Trudeau is neither as great as some believed he was four years ago nor as he is terrible as some current commentators claim. In 1968, despite Canada's continued badly divided and conflicting expectations of him. As one of the founding members of the Ottawa Committee for Trudeau, I was always puzzled by the intense consensus of opinion that he was able to attract. Under his banner marched both veterans of French Canada, who felt that Trudeau would "see Quebec in its place," and Quebecers, who wanted to demonstrate their affection for French Canada by cultivating one of its sons into the prime ministry. Still, by adding youthful socialist, corporate executives, working-class and downer leaders and three bishops for Trudeau. Few of them seemed to listen to what he said that night. They didn't want to find out what he said for they simply felt in love with him and, as in all love affairs, they saw only what they needed to see. If Trudeau has not lived up to their fantasies it is not he who is to blame but they.

While eschewing nationalism, Trudeau has done much toward the achievement of a distinctive Canadian identity. In fact, if he had explained what he was doing, he might be more popular today. In his heart is aimed, which many people wrongly believe are hollow, the Prime Minister has spread an image of Canada that is modern, realigning, independent. Trudeau's chief enemies was a unit called "Canada's last effort" has been named as such that goal that only when the conventional deadlock and not separation is vanquished can it be fully achieved.

The PM's commitment to participatory democracy has stimulated interest and involvement in public affairs. The Liberal Party and the idea are engaged in a massive policy-making effort but at impact has not yet been apparent.

In the economic area, Trudeau led a moderately successful war on inflation but the price may have been too high. It was his treatment of the unemployment problem coupled with some thoughtful steps (White's Buffalo's Mounties, middle-class) that led some to believe that Trudeau lacks humanity. This is most probable, for a politician who appears uninterested with the problems of ordinary people is doomed. In the next few months, like Prime Minister will have to demonstrate some that he does care about in the war problems are more than intellectual exercises for him. If Trudeau is watching for a solution for Trudeau's problem, he should by now person. ■

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**PROBLEMS WITH PROGRESS**

labour and unemployment. It has taken a spring, ducks in autumn and winter. An endless post, you can work from it all year round, the people who lived there after it was officially abolished by the government four years ago have never drawn a cent of welfare or unemployment insurance.

The policy of closing down the outposts is dear to the heart of the Newfoundland government, and especially to Smithwood, who Gladly believes in farms and factories, and has built his own house on a ranch, many miles from the sight of the sea. One of Gladly's last acts, when Newfoundland joined Canada in 1949, was a call to the fishermen to leave their boats on the bank and flock to the towns to work. Fishing was obsolete. The future lay in factories and in cattle. "The cowboy looks larger than the fisherman in Newfoundland's future," he said. A federal royal commission. Many fishermen, responding to the promise of "new jobs for every man," left their homes and their boats to rot. Twenty-two years later, Newfoundland has the highest unemployment in Canada.

When the cracks from the outposts proved slow, the government began paying people to move, to give up title to their land and to settle in "growth centres," most of them welfare colonies. Launched by the Department of Welfare, the plan got into such a mess that a new Department of Community and Social Development was created, with professional staffers imported from the mainland to kill the outposts and the traditional way of life. "To draw Newfoundland looking and screaming into the 20th century," as Smithwood put it.

They used the stark and cruel technique: government withdrew public services, cut off communications, at the same time offering "good hard work" — \$500 a household at first, now up to \$2,500 — to those who would move.

Since most of the fishermen were living in houses built a generation earlier by people who had out and planted their own timber in local mills and handled little cash in their lives, they did not know what their property was worth, or that their new houses would cost 10 times what they were receiving. They woke up, when it was all over, with 30-year mortgages, their daughters fleeing in fear from the one dollar an hour and often unable to find work. Those without children of working age were put on permanent welfare.

The strongest man backbit, if he does not break under persistent social pressure. It happened to Alice Lockyer

when 80% of the people of Woody Island moved to nearby Garden Cove, or to Arnold's Cove across the bay. At last it was announced in the legislature that Woody Island had been closed down, all its people moved to growth centres, one more obsolete fishing town out of the way.

"I lay awake night after night, worrying, wondering what to do," Alice Lockyer recalls. "After all, I had children in school. What about them? I kept on worrying until I couldn't think any more, and just stayed."

It looked for a while as if the Lockyers might have to stay alone, but soon people began drifting back. Five families returned to Woody Island that winter. Others returned for the fishery the next summer, and a few decided to stay. Now there are eight families living there.

"What drives people to a place like this?" Alice asked him. He worked among his labourers.

"It's quiet," he said. Alice Lockyer knows all about the quietest side of life. He served five years in the British Navy during World War II, worked as Canadian consul, sailed around the world as bosun of a 10,500-ton freighter, and was in Israel during the Arab siege of 1948.

"Some people think fun on Woody Island because I've never been anywhere else," he chuckles. He is the island's newspaper, teacher, and has rebuilt the little community on as solid a base as any small village in the world. The people of Woody Island are not just "getting by." They are well off. Their average cash earnings are \$3,000 a month, their capital is \$10,000 in a city, for these are no-loan towns, no debts, no consumer loans, and the monthly grocery bill is just half the size of a city family's. All the fish and shellfish you can eat comes from Woody. You can shoot plenty of waterfowl every year. You can get a carcass of moose every winter.

Alice Lockyer handed about her gleaming kitchen cooking salmon steaks for lunch.

"I'm perfectly contented here," she says. "I grew up here, and I want to stay. I have children in grades eight, nine, 10 and 11, as well as a little boy in grade three. They don't have to go away to get an education. I can think of five youngsters from our school who are scholarship boys."

"There were more than that," her daughter Sheila chimes in, looking up from her father's account books.

"Yes, there were," Mrs. Lockyer admits. "I can't remember them all." She selected fresh vegetables

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#### HOLDING ON continued

from the refrigerator, shaded the budge bird that was competing nobly with the TV set in the next room, turned down on electric appliances.

"Does the power come from the provincial grid?" I asked.

"No, from a small generator on the island." Crossing those times as much as city power, it is about the only thing that comes at luxury rates.

I had noticed cars coming and going about them. How were they moved back and forth to the high-roads on the mainland?

Mrs. Lockyer looked as though she might think it a little stupid.

"Why," she said, "if we want to move a car or van across, Alice just runs it aboard the boat." At high tide, I discovered, you could simply drive on board the skiffy dragger and be on the Trans-Canada Highway half an hour later.

Not that my wife and seven children (two of them adults) not only proved you could lead a good life on Woody Island without government help but soon enticed others to join them. Chris Thompson and his family moved there from St. John's. His son returned from New York to become a fisherman. Frances Helel returned from Churchill Falls, Labrador. Leslie Barrett gave up his trade as a welder in the city and settled down to fishing. Since the Barretts could get no house in the harbor where the other families lived, they bought an island, dived out on another part of the island and moved in.

The men who believed in the American idea of Smallwood's economic and industrial centralization didn't take all this lying down. Some of the remaining families were living on land to which they had no title. Among them were Irven Snowbridge and his young bride, who had bought an old house and spent \$4,000 fixing it up. Agents of the Department of Community and Social Development threatened to evict them because the former owner had signed away title to his land. It was the first time the gov-

ernment had ever bothered itself about land titles on Woody Island.

"If the ground here is all this valuable!" Alice Lockyer told the centralizers, "I'll give the Snowbridges a building lot and help them move their house. I've got more land than I can use, and I've got a few simple plans."

But the centralizers didn't want the land. When they found they couldn't trick the young couple off the island, they left them alone.

But they cut the telephone line, which had been operating for 60 years, and closed down the school.

"We didn't even think about reopening it until the school year had already started in 1976," Alice Lockyer said. "We thought at first we might take the kids to Garden Cove each school day. I've got a fast inboard-outboard that can make the trip in 15 minutes. We even clocked it once in 12 minutes when conditions were perfect."

They would never get a teacher, the centralizers assured them. But a friendly columnist mentioned their plight in a St. John's newspaper, and they got applications from as far away as Edmonton, Quebec. They settled for a young man named Frank Sheeh, who had grown up on the nearby island of Bar Haven before the government closed it down and had just completed three years of college. The job wasn't easy, Frank assured me. He had to teach six grades at once, which allowed just one hour a day for each grade. This might sound hopeless to a city teacher, but it has its advantages. Children in such a school soon pick up the habit of independent study. Frank supplements his income by fishing, and expects to earn enough to put himself through his final year of college this winter.

The group of rebels under Pius Power at South East Bight is larger than that of Woody Island. Four new families moved onto the area last year, three of them young married couples. Power refused to abandon his fishing rovers at Clatter Harbor (which lies

between South East Bight and Woody Island) even when everyone else had bowed to government pressure and left the village. He still was it far better fishing. The centralizers tried to trick him into signing a paper "for the benefit of his neighbors," during the forced evacuation. But Pius was not the ultimate fool the city shikins supposed. Reading the fine print, he discovered that it transferred ownership of his land to the government, so he passed the paper back to the centralizers and politely told them to go to hell.

Such rebuffs have not discouraged the professional station. They use every means to try to get people out of the outposts, and to prevent new people from moving in. It's the new settlers who really get them uptight. No fewer than six RCMP officers were sent to Greater Paradise in an unsuccessful attempt to evict David and Linda Wilson. Another RCMP raid on Little Bay West, where eight young men had moved into a village that was being abandoned, resulted in the arrest and conviction of three of them. The other five escaped into hiding. The three were given 18-month sentences for entering an unlocked, abandoned house, and for moving in a piece of furniture from another abandoned house.

Z. W. Smeets, Newfoundland's Deputy Minister of Community and Social Development, who had been brought to the province for the special job of closing down the outposts, was quoted by the newspapers as calling the 18-month sentences "very light." The Newfoundland Supreme Court did not agree, however, and when the convictions were appealed the young men were set free.

Altogether, 14 settlements have been suspected by the new planners in defiance of government policy. One group has reclaimed 60 acres of land and is making cities. Despite government fondness for cowboys, it refused the usual assistance through the loan banks, so this project became the place concerned had been officially written off.

Inshore fishing — the kind done in small boats by independent men — has been revived in dozens of places where it had been abandoned. Back in a sunny spot in the cliffs near Cape St. Francis, tucked in by grape-vine hills, is a place where you can do little except fish. But for two years "there was not a trap in the water," as the fishermen say. Those who had not moved away were using the town as a dormitory and working elsewhere.

Then there is Red Bay, where, who fished in his youth, but later went to

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for Confederation but another large part of Smallwood is simple political ambition, the desire to be great. At his boarding school in St. John's, he filled notebooks with the names and titles of Newfoundland prime ministers and then added his own: "The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Smallwood, KCMG, PC, MHA."

And to be political in Smallwood's terms, is to know the popular and go for it. At a political rally in St. John's North at a Catholic school, under a sign that reads "Ever onward, Mary, Queen of the World," Smallwood danced the opposition. "Think of the great treaty of Newfoundland independence, Liberal politicians, Sir Robert Bond, Sir Richard Sparrow and Joey Smallwood."

There are 1,800 men building that great pulp mill at Stephenville. Not 600, but add another 600 and that's 1,200 and add another 600 and that's 1,800 people, and that's only the beginning! Only the start! But the Tories criticize! I was all but the victim of assassination, of an assassin's bullet... they fell short of that... but Tories can't help itself! I've got news for you. They have their prejudices and biases. But there won't be as many of them in the House next time."

Keep speaking, feels the urge to move. He paces on the balls of his feet. His hands clasp up and down. His speaking style is as uncontrolled, the same point is made once, twice, three times, repeated, dropped, returned to, chewed over, and dismissed. And, in the middle of a high tempo, he is totally unselfconscious. "Any Newfoundlanders knows that you can go and see Joey. He hasn't got too big for his boots. He's still the same humble, simple man he was when he was elected. But can't you please all the people. You can't please

everybody all the time. Ladies couldn't do it. Roosevelt couldn't do it. Churchill and King couldn't do it. And Joey can't do it."

In the back of the hall a reporter from the Canadian Press has dropped his pen and is doubled over from the pressure of strangled laughter. The men in the seats ahead turn around. "Look, if you want to laugh, why don't you just leave? Why don't you just go away?" Many Smallwood supporters are oddly defensive with reporters; they usually stay in the questions, and they look for concessions in the reporters' faces.

Bob Benson, reporter for the St. John's Evening Telegram: "You're surprised on the older ones, the people who remember the way it was before Confederation, when times were really tough. But there are fewer and fewer of those. You'll notice that the majority of the people under 30 have no smoothed out, it's a nice North American homogenized society, they're North Americans, in that sense, there are no Newfoundlanders under the age of 30. No queer Newfoundlanders."

"For Smallwood doesn't have an ideology, as far as I can see — just a personal ambition to remain in power in whatever cost. There may be the remnants of socialism there, from the 1920s, a subconscious desire to do something for the workers, but that has conflicted with his drive for an industrial Newfoundland, and he's had that all his life. You can read it in his book, *The New Newfoundland*, which he wrote in the Thirties — the third volume of the power at Churchill Falls, it's all there."

"But Moore... Moore is flat. Something rings odd about him. He's verbose, he doesn't seem to be able to make decisions. I'm not voting this

time. There's a choice of personalities but not one I can make with an easy mind."

Bill Ireland hangs like a dead tooth in conversation. He has hair by ear and Jerry from St. John's. Until 1966 the Dominion Steel Company had iron mines on Bell Island, with shafts that ran out under the sea. In 1966 the mines were closed down. The ore was poor. Since then, the population of the island has declined. There are no jobs.

Frank Moore speaks to the Conservatives of Bell Island, in the old armory, next to the Canadian Legion, which is the only place you can get a drink and some of the old ones, their faces red with beer, drift in to listen.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are tired of one-man rule for Bell Island, we are tired of one-man rule on Newfoundland. You have 1975 unemployment here on Bell Island, ladies and gentlemen, and you know whose fault that is. Ladies and gentlemen, Newfoundland has the highest unemployment rate in Canada, the lowest standard of living, the highest cost of living, and the lowest average income. I don't think that's good enough, ladies and gentlemen." Moore's voice is not inspiring, he speaks from under curls, and one can almost see the preacher's nostrils in front of a mirror, and hear the afternoon spent making the speech into a description, and stopping, and playing back. "Ladies and gentlemen, Newfoundland needs doctors and there's nothing wrong with dreaming, but there must be planning to make the dreams come true. You can have careful planning, or you can have the dreams of the old and the chaos that comes with that." The reporters have heard this index card many times, they wait, hopefully, for a new card to come out of the leather pocket of the rich man's suit.

Newfoundland does have the lowest average wage in Canada. But the average salary of the professional — doctors, for example — is almost \$2,000 above the Canadian average, which argues for a fairly sharp class structure within the province. And the rich play a startlingly public role in the political life of the island. John Crosbie, the former minister of health and former Smallwood rival for the leadership of the Liberal Party, is a very wealthy man. His brother, Andrew Crosbie, is Smallwood's campaign manager and the Crosbie brothers, even in their political division, are second only to Smallwood himself in their influence on the political and business life of Newfoundland.

Andrew Crosbie, head of the Crosbie-owned on page 61

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## SMALLWOOD continued

he business empire (John Crosbie has liquidated his investment) has his office on Crosbie Road, in the Crosbie Building, which also contains the offices of a chartered accountant and several shipping companies. He is a staid, careful man in his forties, and his office walls are glibly filled with leather.

"My personal relationship with my brother has not been affected by his crossing the floor of the House. Not as far as I'm concerned I think perhaps it has affected his personal outlook. You see we couldn't get along with the Premier, and, obviously, I can't."

"One-way rule? Well, until 1968 there was pretty well one-way rule. Smallwood is a pretty dominating man. He couldn't dominate as much after that. Well, he is somewhat of a dictator, he runs the government the way a president runs his cabinet."

"Have John Dwyer and John Sheahan contributed to the Liberal Party election fund?"

"Well, I would imagine so. Most businessmen contribute to the party in power. But, then, I imagine that they contribute to the Conservatives as well. That's the way the democratic process works."

"I became campaign chairman for a very simple reason. I didn't want everybody to think that by my action of I was looking for leather. And, more important, as a businessman I have complained about government, and now I thought it was time to do something about government, to get involved in it. If I come out publicly maybe more businessmen will come out."

"How big is the Crosbie empire?"

"The Crosbie empire... A dog on a liberal campaign. Well, we have Eastern Provincial Airways, which is the fourth largest air carrier in Canada. We're in construction, shipping, insurance, manufacturing, bank, real estate, manufacturers' agencies."

"Could you put a dollar figure on it?"

"Well, I could, but I don't. Sales amounted to about \$50 million a year. And we don't do hundreds of millions of dollars worth of business with the government every year. Most of our business is insured, anyway, and only about 15% of it is construction."

A sharp look across the desk. "Is that all you want to know?"

Very behind his great desk at the Confederation Building. Things have gone wrong, the helicopter was grounded by bad weather, and I start off with the wrong question. "Uh, there have been several charges by the Conservatives about corruption in the

Newfoundland Liberal government."

"So? So what's new about charges of corruption?"

"Well... Next question. 'You have said, at one point, I think, sir, that you are a socialist.'"

"I am a socialist." He shuffles papers. "I do not mean that I am a Marxist. But I do not believe that I have met any civilized people who are not a socialist. Lord Milner, that great British imperialist, said once that we are all socialists now. Now, I don't carry or throw my bombs. I don't believe in violence. I don't believe in guns. I am not a foot soldier. But socialism is the spirit of my campaign of life, and that is what led me to challenge the Water Street merchants, the powers of St. John's. And I have succeeded in breaking them."

"John Crosbie came into the party with a view to taking the premiership from Mr. Sheahan because he decided to make it. Politically, he's a completely open force. He turns everybody off. The Conservatives have no one."

A question about the press, and at last the words come easily, sharply. Smallwood goes up, begins to walk past the portrait of the Queen, the gavelman clock, the great globe of the world. "I have been treated in two ways by the press. For 10 years of the 22 I have been in power, journalists have come down here and written glorious stories, wonderful man, strong like, and so on. Now the editors have changed their minds. You've got to do a better job on me. Well, that's all right. The editors know I've washed up. Well, you can't let me at eleven o'clock Thursday night and see how it feels to be elected."

"I'm asking the people to reflect on the last election. Now, on Friday I may have a stroke. Next Monday I may develop cancer. I may be killed in an airplane crash. I'm not going to run again in another election. I'm going to go to my mother's grave. My wife, sister of Macdonald's. You call me on Thursday night. Will you do that?"

I do not. For on Thursday night, at the Holiday Inn, the Liberal Party workers are still gathered under the empty bar, looking at the television as their look across the floor. Conservatives, 21, Liberals, 30, New Labrador, 1. It is all changed. And the old man is still riding around in the dark, waiting for it to be over and looking for rooms to fight in. The women in the crowd coat is still crying in the middle of the dry room.

## CHEZ US

AN ITEM IN SATURDAY'S paper stated Steven Dochow, convicted of keeping a common bawdy, was in the room at the Pompeii Hotel. This was incorrect, as Mrs. Dochow resided at the Seaside Hotel room.

THE SECRETARY

EXAMPLE IS A FINE THING — when the example is poor. When the example is wrong it can result in a respectable occasion. Such was the case on Hill Lane on evening when a boy, scarcely tall enough to reach the window, wrote a message word in a window pane. The word had been seen and was recognized. He is well known by the women who now live in the house as one of the best-behaved and well-mannered little boys in Richmond. His parents are among those who endeavor to raise their children well. There is no doubt that the little gentleman did not understand the nature of his deed. He had seen others do the same and he followed their example.

THE BALMORAL REVIEW, Richmond, Ont.

TWO THOUSAND GREEN VASE CHAIRS, Glen Eden, Scotland. Full-length Hudson Seal coat, jacket, trousers, size 36-38, 34-36, 32-34, 30-32, 28-30, 26-28, 24-26, 22-24, 20-22, 18-20, 16-18, 14-16, 12-14, 10-12, 8-10, 6-8, 4-6, 2-4, 0-2, 1-3, 3-5, 5-7, 7-9, 9-11, 11-13, 13-15, 15-17, 17-19, 19-21, 21-23, 23-25, 25-27, 27-29, 29-31, 31-33, 33-35, 35-37, 37-39, 39-41, 41-43, 43-45, 45-47, 47-49, 49-51, 51-53, 53-55, 55-57, 57-59, 59-61, 61-63, 63-65, 65-67, 67-69, 69-71, 71-73, 73-75, 75-77, 77-79, 79-81, 81-83, 83-85, 85-87, 87-89, 89-91, 91-93, 93-95, 95-97, 97-99, 99-101, 101-103, 103-105, 105-107, 107-109, 109-111, 111-113, 113-115, 115-117, 117-119, 119-121, 121-123, 123-125, 125-127, 127-129, 129-131, 131-133, 133-135, 135-137, 137-139, 139-141, 141-143, 143-145, 145-147, 147-149, 149-151, 151-153, 153-155, 155-157, 157-159, 159-161, 161-163, 163-165, 165-167, 167-169, 169-171, 171-173, 173-175, 175-177, 177-179, 179-181, 181-183, 183-185, 185-187, 187-189, 189-191, 191-193, 193-195, 195-197, 197-199, 199-201, 201-203, 203-205, 205-207, 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when he was at home. A successful, wealthy, self-made man, he was not a person to be ignored or to go unnoticed. His career was impressive but intense. He was deeply involved in the world of business. The Automobile Owners' Association (AOA), which he had built up practically single handed and sold in 1932 to Imperial Oil for \$1,100,000, continued to employ him as its manager. There were also other investments, in mines, real estate and amusement parks, which multiplied his fortune. In sports he found the perfect antidote to his work. He traveled often to attend hockey and baseball games, and eventually ended up as part owner of the Montreal Royals baseball team and of Delorme Stadium.

In a radio interview in his childhood, done for the CBC in 1945, Trudeau recalled that in the summers, when his father arrived in some country place to spend the weekend with the family, he was usually accompanied by several friends, "a rowdy group made up of businessmen and celebrated sports figures of the day."

At home he was the typically Victorian male authoritarian, devoted to his family, but one who took his pleasures and his recreation apart from them. Much of his free time was spent with his many male friends, often at the Club St. Denis, a private club for well-to-do Frenchmen. Trudeau remembers him as "a rather formidable and rather authoritarian man."

Trudeau's mother, Grace Elliott Trudeau, seemed to incarnate all the qualities that were at the opposite end of the spectrum from those possessed by her husband. The atmosphere around her was very English, very unkind and very distant. "It was a house where everyone spoke in an indignant," recalls Pierre Vallières, cousin, one of Trudeau's closest friends in the years when they were both growing up in the wealthy suburb of Outremont.

Grace Elliott was descended from a pioneering United Empire Loyalist family, who fled New England during the American Revolution to settle in Quebec. Her mother died when she was one, and her father, a successful saloon keeper turned wealthy gentleman of letters, left her repressing to relatives, aunts and boarding schools. Grace possessed qualities that were quite exceptional for her time and place: a passionate love for music and books, and a lively intellect that suggested certain elements of modernity and freedom. At the same time her knowledge of French was very limited, of the

kind that still poses for bilingualism in English circles. She was the only Catholic child in a Protestant family (her two brothers were raised in Protestant like her father, while she was educated in her mother's church).

The Pierre Montmar's parents were indeed "the proverbial opposites who attract." It seems likely that as a child he must have experienced some conflict in following the example of such different and powerful personalities. After the death of his father, the balance was tipped; the household became a reflection of his mother's in strength. Those of his school friends who were invited to the house there and they were few indeed, all empha-



In comparison with all his peasant cousins who excelled at hockey, Trudeau considered himself weak.

was the fact that the Trudeau family spoke English and their interest in the arts was quite extraordinary, even for a family of their day.

In the CBC radio program on his childhood, Trudeau himself took the two opposing influences of his early life one generation back.

He remembered his maternal grandfather as "an old Scotswoman who never came without bringing sweets for the children. He was a man who knew everything — a universal man — who had traveled, who spoke many languages. For me he incarnated universal wisdom." In contrast to the repressive figure, he remembered his Quebecois paternal grandmother as "always dressed in black very religious, very strict, an old woman who taught me my prayers and who corrected my French. Because of her I identified the French language with a peasant force, while my Scottish

grandfather personified bilingualism."

His childhood was spent in a regular to-and-fro movement between those special spheres of influence personified in the differences between his parents. So easily did he move between the two traditions that formed him, that it was difficult for him, even as a child, to find any particular identification with one or the other. He remembers, for example, the usual adverbial conflict, at the Académie Querbes in Montreal, as something that he handled with equal ease from either and "When I started school, first in English, I fought with the French and when I transferred, around the fourth grade into a French program, I fought the English boys."

During school holidays and summer vacations, these two influences continued to surround him. At first, summers were spent at Mont Tremblant in the Laurentians, "the typical one passed in the discovery of nature and its creatures." His walks in the countryside were usually shared with his younger brother, Charles, who went to the same school. (His older sister, Suzanne, was a boarder at the convent of the Sacred Heart in Montreal.) Nearly there was a logging camp, where French-Canadian lumberjacks lived, fought and carved to the frustration of the visiting city children. Although Trudeau's father's commissioners were filled with prejudices, it was decided that these rough neighbors were a bad influence on the children. From then on the family went south in the summer, to the ocean in Maine.

Shorter holidays would often be spent with the Trudeau relatives who still farmed in the Richelieu Valley. Trudeau remembers that in conjunction with these peasant cousins, who were strong and capable in hockey, he considered himself weak and puny, a typical city child. These cousins were also fond of dancing and singing, and growing up as they did they seemed to have much more practical knowledge about life. It was not until later how they extended his contacts with people by introducing him to the classic village characters: the idiot, the drunkard, and so on.

By the time Trudeau went for his secondary education in the Collège Brébeuf at age 12, he was emerging from the familial background in an individual separate and distinct from it. The testimony of his classmates and teachers seem to be in agreement that even then he was already very much the kind of person he was to become as an adult.

The great Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf continued on page 65



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## GROWING UP continued

which often made me feel as if I were listening to a rehearsed official statement. In view of the inconsequence of these reminiscences I was usually by the frequent requests for anonymity.

There was another curious element in these interviews. Almost everyone I spoke to was certain that someone else had known Trudeau better. It was very respectful of me to be told by one person "I did not know him very well but so-and-so did" only to discover that the next person, in turn, would apologize for his lack of information and send me on to still another supposedly even "better" friend.

Arriving at Trudeau's there is a general agreement about his withdrawal from intimate contact and almost financial sense of privacy. As a result, they and his classmates, with few exceptions, seem to have known very little about Trudeau's feelings, thoughts, his ideas on miscellaneous subjects, or about his life as it was lived outside the classroom. Trudeau had already been a pupil at Brimley for four years at the time of his father's death, yet no one I spoke to could recall that he had any significant reaction at that time. For an adolescent, his need for privacy and his ability to mask his inner feelings from those with whom he spent his days out of the week were indeed remarkable.

To most Canadians, Trudeau seemed to come out of nowhere to become prime minister, but to some of his old teachers his political career was no surprise. One of three teachers who he discovered Trudeau's intellectual capabilities. "One day I asked him to do something after school and he replied that he couldn't. He was very reluctant to tell me his reasons, but when I pressed him he admitted to me that he was taking singing and drama lessons to improve his enunciation. He didn't want other students to know because he was afraid that they would laugh at him."

It is also recalled by his teachers that until the conception crisis of the war "B" he was one of the most cheerful students that even then were popular with students. "Trudeau always had his own mind about things," one of his history teachers recalls, "always different from the others. When they were unanimous, he was an information."

Trudeau himself recalled, just after he won the Liberal leadership, a revealing incident meant to illustrate his independent attitude. His fellow students, he remembered, always cheered when referees told us that a French Canadian triumph. "That remark seemed so annoying and, when

we got the result of the battle of the Plains of Abraham I remember it broke into applause myself, and I was alone." None of the people I spoke to remembered this specific incident, but they considered it perfectly in keeping with Trudeau's attitude at the time.

In his last year of the college, Trudeau was chosen editor of the school paper, *Le Brimley*. The articles that he wrote for the paper reflect a similar preference to stand alone, apart from the pack, as well as an evident sense of pride in that position.

An exchange between the young Gérard Pelletier, now Secretary of State, then editor of an underground paper, the *JEC* (Jeunesse Etudiante



For an adolescent, Trudeau's ability to mask his inner feelings was remarkable

Canadienne), and the editor of *Brimley* illustrates the point. To a challenge of Pelletier's that all student newspapers decline their representation, Trudeau replied: "This paper has a well-defined attitude. It consists of having no well-defined attitude." In another article for the student paper he wrote: "This is what I think, and I think I'm right, signed Pierre Elliott Trudeau, philosopher."

Some of Trudeau's former classmates permitted themselves in conversation with me to remember a few "humour" details not present in the teachers' portraits of the perfect young man.

Jean de Grandpré, a former friend and classmate, a now executive vice-president of Bell Canada, I was told that he had often been Trudeau's classmate at school, wanting out over him to become president of the student body. When we met in his home

room office, high in the Plaza Victoria tower, it struck me that there were indeed similarities between the two men. Jean de Grandpré is a perfectly relaxed in his friend, he has the same well-worn slippers, and his appearance compares well with Trudeau's faded "youthfulness."

He smiled when I crowded him of the old rivalry and stated that there was nothing special about it. "It's true that Pierre was a hard worker and very competitive in everything that he did, but he was not by any means strange. Outstanding as his accomplishments were, there were other students in the class who equaled him and challenged his abilities. You see, the students in our year were really a very special group. Most of it, when we left Brimley and went on to other schools, but our classes wherever we went. In such a group Trudeau did not appear as extraordinary as he might have elsewhere. Nobody really carried him."

We came to the subject of Trudeau's friends. "Yes, he was well liked at school, but I can't say that anybody knew him well. Perhaps not too many people. For all that I was his friend, I was never invited to his home, and our relationship centred on school matters. He always kept his distance from others. It was really a temperamental preference, but perhaps also a certain shyness, which even then led him to tolerate people who were not too bright. He was also very introverted. Thus, as we got older, the emotional distance between him and the other students increased. My family, although not poor, was certainly not as wealthy as Trudeau's, and I had to plan to earn a living one day. So did the others, but not Trudeau. It's not that he was a playboy, as the newspapers later say. I always found the idea of Pierre as a playing individual, considering what a tightwad I knew him to be. But he did have a privileged outlook on life and the means with which to maintain it. This set him apart. In a sense, I suppose he was a spoiled brat all his life."

"I'm very surprised that he became involved in politics. Not because he succeeded. Once he decides what he wants, he always gets it. But I'm amazed that he ever chose this field. Well, one of his 3-4 majors because he has always been a dilettante and an intellectual snob. But most of all because he was such a lone wolf. It's hard to imagine him being comfortable in a crowd. In school, for example, although he was an excellent athlete, he was playing very little in team sports. It's always been difficult for me to think of his working as a

continued on page 68



## Jim Casey likes to travel off the road. Another reason he goes with Chevy Pickups.

Source: the opinions are discussed in agreement with Casey.

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## GROWING UP continued

stone or taking the advice of others. "But I don't want you to think that he was always serious or withdrawn. One day, he had an odd sense of humor, and he often enjoyed embarrassing the professors. I remember once in a physics lab, we all gathered around a table with excitement to view an experiment. I think it was the refraction of quartz under electric resistance. But nothing happened. It turned out that Pierre had secretly pulled the plug out."

Jean de Gaudreault went on off with the suggestion that I get in touch with Father Guy P. J. Marcotte, another charismatic, who easily matched Trudeau's brilliance in class.

Father Marcotte is now a teacher at Beliveau. When we met I was surprised to find him very different from the teachers who taught his generation. In his appearance and manner there was much more of the man than the priest. His small office is filled with books, papers and magazines, some of them, as far as I could tell, of a religious nature. He spoke easily, without constraint, giving the impression of open frankness.

He started off by telling me something of his own background, which was quite unusual at Beliveau. "I came here later than the others, around the fifth year, from a school in the east end. My parents were poor, working class, and I would have often dreamed of moving to a place like Beliveau. But I was chosen by the priests, and sent to Beliveau under the auspices of a *Beau de veritas* (This is a scholarship of faith, which bestows the responsibility for the priesthood). Until the last decade, these scholarships were graciously the only way that a boy from a poor family could acquire a higher education in Quebec. As a result, many bright boys had to play the game of petty and subtle deceptions to convert their education in order to continue their education. Pierre Vallières, in his book *Pierre Nippon Et America* describes with great bitterness this kind of experience." Marcotte continued.

"At first, I was very nervous about going to a new school, but when I arrived everyone seemed very simple and very kind to me. My relationship with Pierre was purely confidential. I was never invited to his house, nor did I share in his usual life outside of school. Our conversations took place only during the recreation period. Still he made a deep impression on me. I remember once Pierre and I were sent as delegates to a provincial students' meeting. It was a big event in my life then and I dressed for it with great care. Pierre arrived in his old-fashioned

shabbier clothes. I was touched by his simplicity. I never resented his wealth because he seemed to put it to such good use. He used it to develop himself as fully as possible. I knew that he was destined for a great political future.

"What did we talk about? Well, Trudeau was very interested at the time in the rise of the National Socialist movement in Germany. We often discussed nationalism in general, not as a Quebec matter, and even then he was hostile to all forms of nationalism. I think the case of Germany had a great influence on him."

(I did not meet Trudeau, a few years later, however, from being



"Pierre built himself consciously and with great effort into the kind of person he wanted to be."

strongly against conception. Another former friend, Guy Robert, a lawyer who has defected FLQ members, remembers that Trudeau's feelings at the University of Montreal led him to participate in manifestations against concepts which often became violent and ended in acts of civic sabotage. According to Robert, "they were so much against concepts that we would try to break up rallies in support of the ALP. Trudeau and I and some other friends would come prepared with bits of metal used on police to smash the windows at the Goyette building."

Father Marcotte could need to speak of Trudeau with admiration. Still, perhaps because of the close relationship between them, he seemed aware of a possible limitation in Trudeau's political outlook, particularly in terms of Quebec. "Trudeau cannot under-

stand the separation. After all, he has never experienced the kind of persecution and discrimination that have caused so many people to separate. His position in Quebec was always unique. There is no common base of experience and, as a result, there can be no identification between Trudeau and the nationalists."

The same theme recurred with greater emphasis in my conversations with Pierre Vadboncoeur. Our meeting took place in a small office in the Confederation of National Trade Unions building where Vadboncoeur works as a technical adviser at the CSN (Confédération des Syndicats Nationaux).

If anyone was ever "close" to Trudeau in the years when he was growing up, it was probably Vadboncoeur. Trudeau himself, in his childhood reminiscences for the CBC, speaks of the importance of this friendship, and Vadboncoeur is the only friend he mentioned by name during the whole program.

Yet now, for all reasons and purposes, they are bitter opponents. Vadboncoeur has a book, *La Démocratie Nerve Et La Première*, dedicated to René Lévesque. It is a brilliant and moving exposition of the historical and psychological forces that have caused so many French Canadians to support the struggle for Quebec independence. The book is also a detailed critique of Trudeau's position in Quebec. Their last meeting, Vadboncoeur recalls, took place in Ottawa, when he accompanied the Lapointe postal workers to their audience with Trudeau. "It was a very strange meeting. Throughout the whole time Trudeau never looked at me. There was no sign that he was aware of any presence. It was as if for him I no longer exist."

Yet for all the ideological distance that now separates the two men, Vadboncoeur retains a measure of admiration and affection for his former friend.

At first he was reluctant to speak about Trudeau at all, and when he did he often seemed like a man who would rather be doing anything else but this. Never did he show any sense of satisfaction at being able to get back at a powerful enemy.

Once the interview was underway, however, he invited it with a tone of responsibility; there were no off-the-cuff remarks, no gossip, no malicious anecdotes. His ideas were carefully thought out and he took great pains to make sure that I understood them and got them down correctly.

The biographical parts corroborated the impressions I had already

continued on page 70

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### GROWING UP continued

head, yet there was the look of an eagle that comes from looking beneath the clouds.

Pierre was always a bit different. Even as a boy he was more determined and more settled than the others. He was very clever and he worked hard. Once he decided that something was worth doing he applied himself totally. You see, I believe that Pierre built himself consciously, and with great effort, into the kind of person he wanted to be. I remember when we were kids, he got sick and tired of having his face washed in by others and he became a formidable boxer. It's true that he had a penchant for practical jokes, but he was never a rebel, or even very critical of his adults. There were others who were much more so. Pierre was more sensitive, not for fun but simply because he had to react in whatever he did. I think it was for that reason I told him, one day as we were walking along Côte St. Catherine, that he would become prime minister one day. On another occasion I gave him some advice that I deeply regret now. I think he was at Harvard then, and he wrote to me saying that he was thinking of getting out of his father's house but that he would like to see me. He said he would need his money for his political work.

When Vachonbecquer speaks of Trudeau as an adult, the role of counselor is gone from his voice. "I see Pierre now at a person looking in depth. This is a characteristic that has fitted through his personal life and through his ideas. Somehow he grew up without ever really becoming involved in events of people. I can't remember Pierre ever being swept up by feelings in a natural sense. He has always retained detachment."

"The reason as to why he has had difficulty in relating to ideas that require other than intellectual perception. His own ideas, those that he supports, have developed through solid reasoning. They are never based on experience but in books. Sentiment or intuition do not come for Pierre. Once he is convinced of a certain set of ideas, that's it — they become fixed into an inflexible system. Take the nationalist issue for example. In 1952 he made up his mind about Quebec nationalism by looking at Nationalism with a capital N. He never allowed himself to consider that an idea may evolve in time, or that there are possible variations between particular cases."

"He has always had great trouble in identifying with other people. How could he? All his life he has voluntarily chosen not to have the kind

of experiences that make up other people's lives. He has always flared with issues, but when he was asked to join any of them he invariably refused. He preferred to remain silent."

"As for his political thinking, for me it is rooted in the 19th century. As a result, he has no comprehension of popular movements such as the present-day trend toward nationalism and decentralization. In this context, what does his emphasis on the democratic values of the 19th century mean to the majority of Quebecers? What does it have to do with their needs and aspirations? Take his stand on federalism. His argument is in a blunt, innocent fashion. For one that makes him the most dangerous politician in Canada. He considers federalism to be a value in itself, regardless of the time and place in which it is to work."

"Yes, I do feel he is dangerous. You see, in terms of Quebec, what with another politician with Trudeau become a issue of civil war. Then, too, there is the fact that he has had almost as much experience with defeat. I remember that at 58 he was confident to one day that he had just experienced his first failure. Because of this he is unable to cope with the idea of losing or compromise. For how all opposition is a challenge that propels him to further and more extreme action. That is the root of his extreme reaction to the October crisis in 1970."

In conclusion, and not without his father's Vachonbecquer might prefer to say is Trudeau's life. "Do you realize that in certain circles in Quebec today he is more hated than Napoleon was in his day?"

Vachonbecquer and I sat for a while, the still of his silent identity contemplating the idea, and suddenly, perhaps for the first time since I began to research this piece several weeks before, I experienced a feeling of sympathy for this man, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, prime minister of his country, and yet effectively exiled from his own people.

Later, when I began to write this article, I was less certain about my feelings. Many people in Quebec would now angrily reject the idea that Trudeau was evil, is an emotional issue, a part of them, as they dispute his right to determine their future as a people. Many people in the rest of Canada would argue that he does represent Quebec, since the province gave him a firm mandate in 1968. "What matters for those outside the quartet is that his implications are so extensive they could engulf us all."

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very clearly that his first task was to defend or at least isolate the prevailing argument between Quebec and the rest of the country, because if this helped the country would fall helplessly into the wrong area of the multi-national corporation. He saw that he must make the confrontation visible, and this he did in his showdown with David Johnson at the federal-provincial conference. For a day and a half he sat mute while Johnson seemed to be running off with the show. What Johnson wanted was an independence, an associated state of Quebec which would be both inside and outside Canada. Then suddenly Trudeau turned and knocked Johnson cold with a single unrepeatable stare and a single contemptuous question which demanded of Johnson what right he had to assume that a French Canadian elected to the Quebec legislature was any truer spokesman for his people than a French Canadian elected to the federal parliament? All along Trudeau had been sure that Quebec's intellectuals did not speak for Quebec's core and that Quebec's core wished to stay in Confederation. That could explain why he has been tough with intellectuals in the past of course.

His next move was to call the federal election for the day after St. Jean Baptiste and then to appear on

the dignitary platform in Montreal during the parade. This was a direct, deliberate challenge to the separatists and they could not and did not ignore it. Several million Canadians saw him on television that night keeping his seat at the risk of his life and staring down the mob. The next day the nation not only gave him a plurality, but Quebec came close to giving him a close sweep.

None of us had been accustomed to a leader with this article's combination of direct preparation and free calculation of the balance. But there was more than this in Trudeau and in the fall of 1970 a partly accidental meeting with him drove me to the personal conclusion that our Prime Minister is probably a genius.

My wife and I had been to a late wedding reception at the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal, and when it was over and I was heading for a taxi I suddenly saw Trudeau with his back against the hotel wall engaged in what seemed to be a hot discussion with some youth in jeans, who had apparently hauled him on the sidewalk. We caught sight of each other, he came over, I presented my wife to him and he spoke with her, then he went back to the kids. Something was coming out of his eyes with sudden, recognizable force. Light those out of them is contrast to the glaucous epico-

ny seen in the eyes of so many politicians. But when I tell you also it was a good light, let me tell you also it was in Giacinto light of such public and serious intensity I doubt if even the poster of Mona Lisa herself could have captured it. It had its impact on me and on those boys, who were very different from our dear sweet old-fashioned champions. I saw it as a reflection of a kind of genius.

The chance meeting occurred exactly one day and nine hours before Jean Cros was kidnapped. In the weeks following, the nation and such of the world as was interested discussed that our Prime Minister's apparent casualness is usually a mask for highly concentrated action. In those horrible days when we all hung close to our radio, Trudeau seemed almost to be able to hear ahead of time what he was far from that. He was preparing to send troops into Montreal and he was missing them, he was consulting legal experts and so we never knew how many times he was on the phone to Premier Brennan. Then he struck — like lightning, at three o'clock in the morning.

Well, I got out on the end of a long limb in this guess that Pierre Trudeau is a genius, so perhaps I should give my own idea of what I mean where I use the word. My idea of a genius is a person who can reach a destination without having traveled there, which is pretty well what Trudeau did when he reached No. 24 Sussex Drive.

Now it is the chance of genius that it is often dangerous, it changes rapidly as Einstein learned to his grief. Most diagrams of all in the genius in politics, of whom the greatest example is Napoleon. The winners who have best served their countries have been those whose boldness was tempered by exceptional judgment, and since it is only in revolutionary times that a genius has a chance in politics it is worth noting that the greatest ones have been those who were able to convert revolution into evolution.

There have been so rare you can count them on the fingers of your hand. In recent times the supreme examples were Moses, Solon and Augustine. Caesar is modern times, Queen Elizabeth I of England and George Washington, with the possible addition of Tito and Mao. Both Elizabeth and Washington functioned in the eyes of eye revolutionists and both of them contrived workable harmonies between revolution and the old human tradition.

It is obvious that Canada, and especially Quebec, has been in the throes of a multi-sided revolution for a num-

ber of years. The winds of change blow into all quarters of our lives and confound our morals, politics, religion and conscience. I think that Trudeau has understood the nature of this multi-sided revolution better than any of our other public men. From the evidence of his speeches and actions before and during his public career, it is clear that he has worked tirelessly to convert revolution into evolution.

I think, though I cannot be sure, that for a long time he has known that the decisive contest in the Canadian revolution had to be the United States. When several years ago he declared his anxiety about the sub-mergence of American preferences into Canada, I'm pretty sure he was thinking of something more substantial than dress and student activists. Even two years ago he must have been preparing for what my clear-sighted eyes knew was sure to come — a showdown with the United States over the entire question of the independence we had been hawking into promising we possessed. This sturdy elegance his urgency in Quebec. One has to come from ambiguity into clear position on the older question of Quebec separation.

Now Trudeau finds himself polarized in the present he defined for himself and the rest of us. Most certainly distrust him, or profess to distrust him, especially in Quebec. Small liberals and socialists like him no better, as they proved during and after the kidnapping crisis. Businessmen looked at traditional attitudes toward the United States and the multi-national corporations fear him most of all because they sense he will not shrink from a political confrontation with our neighbor if he is driven to it. As for the press and the media, they have been frustrated by the unfathomable quality in the man, and if he has any available and obvious weakness it is his evident reluctance in keeping the press off balance whenever he can.

Last August, of course our unending cross with the United States at last came into the open so blatantly that not even a people trained in double vision could pretend any longer it was not a crisis. God knows they had had plenty of warning in recent years of what to expect the next time the United States pulled the report of the O'Leary Commission on Public Order out of existence. Nixon's blind proposal in 1970 of the resources-energy package dealt which, if implemented, would have left us in effective control of perhaps 85% of our energy and resources; the flamboyant passage of 38 Manulife through our

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"Gee, you did would sure make a beautiful fireplace rug!"

Ancient writers, the strains sounded by American senators that their native supplies of oil, water and energy were dwindling to the danger point, the sudden flooding of our newspapers by a stamp of American insurers and academic historians who often behaved as if they owned them and almost invariably opposed American to the staffs in preference to Canadians.

When Nixon finally pressed the button on August 15, many Canadians made the old pathetic plea, "Say it isn't so, Dick." They tried to protest, though Trudeau didn't, that this was just one of those conspiracy thrup. Having been tricked since the day to become great nations themselves, they could not bring themselves to admit that no economy based upon built-in obsolescence and technological waste on the gigantic scale required by the Pentagon had somehow to be paid for, probably because they knew they would have to pay some of these bills themselves but what they understood least of all was the profound change that came over the collective mentality of the American people during the 1950s.

The changes the Americans are passing through are different in kind from ours. They are undergoing a shocked repression of the emotions, the universal world beatitude denied by Manifest Destiny, a people so confident of succeeding in anything they attempt that Lyndon Johnson believed he could create what he called The Great Society at home while at the same time offering unwanted American aid and troops to any region of the world that felt itself threatened

by what he called Communism.

I would like to step back for a few moments into ancient history, not because I believe that history repeats itself literally but because man and his politics change so little that history often develops similar patterns.

It so happens that a politico-military defeat astonishingly similar to the American one in Vietnam has happened before, and in an empire which still called itself a republic, an empire to which the United States has often been compared by Americans themselves. I mean Rome in the first half of Augustus considered himself not to suppose himself as simply as the chief executive and commander-in-chief of the army.

The Rome of Augustus also believed in Manifest Destiny. Not since her infancy had Rome lost a war. The Roman people ruled, if loosely, over the western world known as Italy, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Spain, Portugal, Algeria, Tunisia, Egypt, Israel, Syria, the Lebanon, Greece, coast of Turkey, the Adriatic coast of Yugoslavia and the islands of the Mediterranean. Their provinces were firmly entrenched on the left bank of the Rhine and the right bank of the Danube and soon they would round out their empire by the acquisition of Britain.

In P.A.D. the Roman general Quintus Varus crossed the Rhine with three legions, his mission to set up in the forest of Germany a Romanized state. But something went wrong with Varus' mission. Perhaps it was Roman arrogance, probably it was the terrified imperative. At any rate, in dense forests where traditional Roman tactics could not function, the

German chief Arminius, a supposed ally of Rome, turned as Varus and his soldiers and his camp. When the news reached Augustus, that man of my control nearly broke. He paced his floor crying, "Quintus Varus, Quintus Varus, give me back my legions!"

Five years later Augustus died. In a long struggle he had made order out of the total revolutionary chaos he had inherited. He had created the Roman Peace. But he had been forced to make two decisions whose ultimate effects were to be of catastrophic importance.

The first, based on his experience that no empire can be successfully or economically defended by conscripted troops, was the creation of a permanent professional army and a permanent professional navy. The second, after Augustus' death, the guard and the army began the practice of making and breaking empires. The second decision was the direct result of Varus' defeat in Germany. It was to establish a policy of withdrawal and the withdrawal territorial expansion. The chief task of Augustus' successors was to stabilize and hold the frontiers along the Rhine, the Danube, the Black Sea and the Sahara.

From the present point of view, the most interesting decision was the latter. It meant that Roman energies turned inward, that Roman bureaucracy and bureaucracy concentrated their efforts within the Roman area of direct influence and control. This meant a deliberate effort to Romanize all those diverse, gifted, terror-stricken peoples of the ancient world, to make them accept Roman customs, Roman methods, Roman values. The result was not so much a Romanization, as a homogenization into a weary decadence leading to the end we all know.

To return to the present. It seems that west Germany was to the Rome of Augustus. And has become to the America of Nixon — the dense, impenetrable forest. What else is the overall meaning of Nixon's short-lived policy save a disguised admission that the American politico-economic empire has reached its limits of expansion? What can follow from this admission save a concentrated effort to establish the United States as the economic and cultural master of all her associates? Even more could be in the cards. Shortly before Nixon became President, he suggested that a treaty might come when America would have to develop a professional army. Should that happen, the President would of course be the Commander-

in-Chief. The Roman word for that was *Imperator*. Has Nixon, then, been driven by events to emulate Augustus?

Obviously, the comparison between the pugnacious Augustus and Richard Nixon belongs more to the theatre of the absurd than to history. For two decades the cartoonists and journalists of his own country have been depicting Nixon as the all-American half-nosed boy, an upright upward-mobile straight out of McCarthy and Heroino Alger, but straightforward, never hesitating in his way to the top with his mouth on a wire and what looks to be a badge of medals on the side of his right jaw. Yet the area is far more than a complex of caricatures. Until he finally reached the White House it was highly probable that Nixon felt guilty, that his brand of small-town conservatism had made him identify failure of ambition with sin. But now, in the greatest political comeback in American history, he has arrived where those honest true whistles of his youth sustained him long ago from the little women room where he grew up. He has at last earned the right to a tragic fate. Not many men can claim that much.

In his case the tragic flaw could be

his uncritical acceptance of the old American myth based on the direct road down the big cable to the pass degree. In nothing he has so far said or done has Nixon given any indication of the kind of mature political and human philosophy that anxious the mind of Pierre Trudeau. It is hard to imagine that he has ever pondered the wisdom and the un-wisdom of Plato. Billy Graham would never move to him than the ancient Greek. It is all too possible to believe that he would never have said the words of wisdom of Arnold Toynbee's *Study Of History* if those words had not run a cover story on *Time*. As Vice-President he had those theories at hand by students in Venezuela, but he never walked through a country in mindless as Trudeau did in his younger days in China. He never paddled across through wilderness rivers or scolded with Corcoran, or studied the movements of fish, birds and wild animals in their native habitats. He never learned the art of politics with charming girls or the warmth and goodness of a variety of mature women. Nixon is no Trudeau.

Neither is he the villain his domestic critics say that he is. His last records here is a fairly, puzzled man

more certain of his need to be great than of his real power to become it. He lacks the power of American power and knows it. That which one to pull it is not impossible to imagine him as one of those puffed little Roman emperors, born in a remote province, who had longed for the power and stepped as little to get it, only to discover that the Empire was hardly worth the effort that it had become so big, so contemptible in its mind, so intimidated in its moral and genetic substance that nobody could govern or even understand it any more. Such an emperor, and in the long Roman anguish there were many, always sought a confident adviser.

This adviser Nixon seems to have found in Secretary of the Treasury John Connally of Texas, who commends his proficiency among the Roman imperial hosts in the Upper Gallery in Florence. Having been taught to believe that the American nation is divine, Nixon will wish to be held of it as long as he can. In his acceptance speech at Miami in 1968 he said that neither Washington nor Lincoln had to face the problems the next President would have to face; and he was right. So there stands Nixon on

continued on page 76

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## PACING UP continued

the bridge of an eyelid jiggled, summoned by hands of computers, dancing into a future he has not been prepared to understand, while in the background's howls the terrors thrived, lured by greed and stable.

He has told us that Arnold Toynbee was an exception to him. Well, it was Toynbee's nightmare after the Second World War that the whole world might turn into a universal waste like the Roman Empire, carrying within itself the same seeds of decay and ruin. This cannot happen now as a world state between the United States is balanced by Russia, Europe and China. Against Russia and China, the United States has maintained a standoff, but an author of them has it been able to impose it will Europe owes it a vast debt, and in recent years some of this debt has been calculated by the logic of events could force the United States to assign her to the role of a Portion Western Hemisphere, and this could become a military-economic universal side beyond the nearest of all possible frontiers, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In such a system Canada could simply disappear.

Since it is to the interest of Canadians and Americans to know that such a state should exist, least of all one based upon suicidal technological wars. Canada's survival as an individual nation takes on far more than a selfish importance. I am sure Trudeau recognizes this, for his position has never been peripheral. In the face of this challenge he will either be broken or emerge at one of the world's, few great and beneficial instances.

His success or failure will depend to no small degree on his fellow countrymen. Will enough of us be able to understand what is involved in this challenge? Will we have the accuracy to meet the battle positions which already are being brought to him? Will we yield to the men but all too human impulses to further the whispering campaign already set in motion? Trudeau asks us: "Will we Canada? Will we have the guts and tenacity to take risks which only five years ago were unthinkable because they were deemed unnecessary?"

We can begin by assuming cozy our position, for all of us by admitting that we have some concerns. He has, through, for granted that we and his friends thought we were already in the bag. How otherwise explain his now famous statement that Japan was the closest trading partner of the United States? When Trudeau (from asked) says whether he was out to obliterate Canadian auto-industry,

his answer was a staccato no — as opposed perhaps by the belief that we had already obliterated it ourselves. After C. D. Howe and our vast loss of the Sixties who could blame him?

We may assume further that Washington is following what looks down there like an assembly line. Casually he said he is on the line. The U.S.A. must come first because it is the richest and the strongest and a kind of being everybody's whipping boy. It cannot (though this has not yet been stated publicly) remain for long the richest and the strongest without an energy source. Canada has Canada's energy resources and much of her water. Therefore Washington's economic pressures, which are regarded there as gentle, are intended to bring little Canada to its senses.

But there is another logic much more fundamental than one that has revealed itself to John Casady, and that is the logic of ecology and the human future. To trade resources with a neighbor is one thing, but it is another thing entirely if the neighbor is going to use them to prosecute what his own best interests have told him is a long-term suicide course. This is pretty well what the multi-national corporation and technocrat have been doing. If they continue at their present rate of consumption and waste they will exhaust most of the continent's non-renewable resources within the lifetime of children now hanging born.

To have our national sovereignty, established at a flag in staff, on a volcano in demands of this nature will force Canada a moral ground that could be formidable. To resist that cultural differences are life-long and that cultural homogenization is ideological is merely to insist that we should not be expected by anyone, no matter what his power, to assist willingly to behave like history's fools.

I feel pretty sure that Pierre Trudeau understands these things much more precisely than I do. His move toward the Trudeau family intended to balance the cornish of the American technological juggernaut. It was the boldest move made by any Canadian leader since Macdonald.

Trudeau is now the target of many people, some hostile, some known, some unknown. He is threatened. He is resented by many of his own countrymen as bold and brilliant risks have always been. He is a failure because he is human and he has already made mistakes, he is sure to make more. But this is not the kind of man who lives on a man's life to release in Canada, the will to survive. ■

## THE BANKERS from page 22

may be calling, they can always get through on the telephone.

Still, the local elite who run to the top of the big banks holds very definite, if not necessarily neo-conservative, views. James Muir, the late chairman of the Royal Bank, was probably the most typical. William Zischewski, the New York and Monte Denison who had a great deal to do with Muir during the licensing of Zischewski's Montreal ventures, also commented: "We kept things simple, if you were his friend, you could do as wrong, if you were his enemy, you could do no right. And if you were worth considering at all, you were in one category or the other."

In an era of participatory democracy and the fragmentation of institutional power, accountants, the banks and apart? They operate like monarchical dynasties, with authority flowing solely to places and projects where it is most probably to be obtained but subject always to the final word from the man at the top. Employees at the various levels want to know something very much that man says. "Each of the major banks," says R. G. D. LaFerté, a Montreal investment consultant, "has become a power base for the senior executive officer, and these of-

fers have developed legal and constitutional techniques to insulate themselves from those who might usurp or seek to challenge their position."

The top bankers, the men who hold the system together and perpetuate its mystique, operate from offices furnished like Fortin's. They are men, most, to convey the impression that instead of being men of power they are really the guardians of other men's fortunes. They seldom step outside their buildings, even for lunch, preferring to maintain in the bank's own dining rooms which serve decent cocktails followed by carefully prepared meals (Gordon LaSalle is a specialty at the Commerce, the Royal's chef roasts the best stuffed almonds in the country). It is here, away from the noise and confusion of everyday commerce, over their most pleasant and levelled chairs, that the big-bank business of banking is transacted, the business of extending credit to large corporations.

Corporations are, of course, very different from you and me. An individual can seldom get a loan for more money than he is worth. But not a corporation, growing corporations are frequently able to borrow considerably in excess of what its sales and assets

might otherwise justify, providing it guarantees the bank that the new money will earn enough extra profits to repay the loan.

Bank lending practices are constantly changing to reflect Ottawa's monetary policies as well as each bank's analysis of credit risks and risks. All of the banks have field specialists who can provide the necessary financing proposals in Calgary, for example. Gordon Leonard, the Commerce's vice president, says that he runs a huge staff of 60,000 people that show the national patterns of the Canadian petroleum companies for the past 20 years. The Toronto-Dominion has tended to specialize in real estate development and the middle market, but all banks maintain experts in nearly every corporate lending category.

Personal loans, started by the Commerce in 1936, but never vigorously followed up until the Nova Scotia Bank to push them as the late Fifties, have added a new dimension to the banking system. In fact, the banks have been able to separate out their banked lending into corporate dealings, and the raise-able amount of personal loans. In 1952, only 15% of consumer credit came from the banks, now they supply nearly half and in the process provide a service which the banks and savings have provided the banks. Bank drive has been modified to turn borrowing from a Laramie nightmare into a mildly sensual experience. (If you're inspired by Teddy bears, bank at the Royal.) The banks have been keeping all over themselves in following their services, and the effect has been to make it seem fairly normal not to have a line.



## HOLDUPS

## HIDDEN DISSUADERS

Robbing banks is not a growth industry. In 1976, for example, there were only 100 bank heists in Canada but one fifth of the three million dollars taken was recovered and half of the robbery was caught. The reason bank robbers are not more numerous is that the system has become almost sophisticated. It is likely no way they can be caught. No one even has to pay a bribe to get away, it is all by a variety of gestures that no thief would so low level is supposed whenever a teller lifts a pile of large-denomination bills from a compartment in her cash drawer.

Most downtown alarms are wired right into police radio frequencies, so that a takes an average of only 90 seconds between the time a robbery and the arrival of the police cars.

The more sophisticated gangs who operate in the suburban areas by using a "non-resident man" at the bank, over the hours counting down at the end when he gets down to one great a

prearranged signal, which tells him to go to 10 seconds to reach their primary car. (Bank robbers have very specific boxes in Quebec: 80% of all robberies are pulled by gangs in Ontario 95% are pulled by gangs in Quebec.)

Bank heists have become almost predictable. Some new devices are so serious that even and even they can now set off night mail alarms.

The heists won't discuss the amount of annual fraud that takes place, but one expert in the field estimates that one hundred million cash is lost 10 times the amount taken in robberies.

A bank employee's status has little to do with his life or security. The important thing is "holding on to the bank" — the amount of money he is allowed on the basis of his own earnings. An unskilled employee branches the manager might follow who's known as the "Tee and Ted" (this means he can live up to \$100,000 on his salary and living without collateral and a further \$10,000 on the basis of a collateral guarantee). At the main big-city branches, managers may exercise discretionary lending powers of up to \$250,000 and regional vice-presidents can go as high as \$500,000. Anything more than that goes through to head office and loans of more than one million dollars must be approved not only by the bank's chief executive officer but by the board of directors. All of the banks are diversifying their operations, both up and down in the field more aggressively and to get a fast turnaround on local loan applications.



The Toronto-Dominion has given its branch managers the greatest latitude. "We get a better feel for local conditions that way," says Allen Lambert, the T-D's chairman. "Our people know that they'll be backed up by head office, even beyond their limits providing the loss is worthwhile." Because that go-go go-go they're referred to as "imperialists" can get the men who made them into trouble, he's not

reluctant to make good the damages that he has, at banker's language, "broke his oophood," and that can mean a dead-end job or delayed promotion. The highest intake a bank can pay to an up-and-coming credit man is to appoint him to a branch that operates in the middle trade terms of Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal, where small business often go bankrupt. Survival there means certain promotion.

## OTHER BANKS

## FOUR FOR THE SHOW

The Canadian banking system's roots are now concentrated in only one institution, but in an industry total of 137. Confusion looks very different however. In 1970 and 1971, for 1974 there were 51 active banks, an historical peak. Most of these small, local operators were absorbed by today's giants. 47 banks failed, leaving their deposits and shareholders out in the cold. The total loss to creditors in bank failures since Confederation has been about \$15 million, half of it from the House Bank collapse of 1933. The House had 71 branches, mostly all in Ontario and reported solvency liquidity just two months before it had lost more (name of state as an asset director) forced it to close. Some bank officials were arrested and convicted of juggling the books, but none of these went to jail.

Canadian bankers are justifiably proud of the fact that there were no failures during the great Depression of the Thirties. Operations were curtailed, however, with outstanding loans dropping 56.5% between 1929 and 1933, and all of the banks had to dig deep into their contingency reserves. The possibility of deposit suffering from any bank failure has been eliminated, but by a system of deposit insurance, established in 1967.

The sixth and seventh largest banks in Canada today are the Bank of Montreal (BMO) and the Banque Provinciale du Canada (BPC) which have more of their 835 branches in Quebec. Run by Louis Helmer, a private banker of the old school who joined as Mont Lamer branch as a 17-year-old junior clerk, the BPC has assets of more than two billion dollars. "We're trying hard to bring activity back," he says, "but it's difficult to give them the same training that people get coming up through the banks."

The Provinciale is a much easier going, grass roots rural bank with the second few-



est growth in profits of any Canadian bank and its asset base, including programs outside Canada. One per cent in loans, the BPC employs the largest number of minority graduates. Typical of the new breed is Raymond Proulx, BMO's general manager, a University of Montreal graduate in arts, engineering and law who also studied business administration at the London School of Economics. "We're still smaller than our competitors," he says, "but we're becoming a more important part of the show all the time."

All the other end of the country is the Bank of British Columbia, founded with provincial support in 1967. Its profits averaged a phenomenal 76.6% in 1971. Albert F. Hays, the BOC's president, believes that regional banks such as his are essential for stimulating local economic growth as a counter the larger, more state-subsidized ones don't match. "For one thing," he says, "western Canadians want to market not only open for build the western business day, because of the size none of the major financial businesses are getting in their desks when it's more in Toronto and much of the day's financial activity and trading has been completed. So if local people place their custom locally in the morning, they're usually out to lunch, if we phase in the afternoon, they're gone home."

The Mercantile Bank a subsidiary of First National City Bank of New York, now has seven branches and has a distinct advantage over Canadian-owned banks by being allowed to associate with a trust company owned by First National.

The smallest and most powerful financial institution in the country is the Bank of Canada, which sets the government monetary policy. It has three agencies outside Ottawa and a population of five million dollars, divided into 100,000 shares, all held by the owner of Canada.

Solutions are tied in directly with the credit size of a branch. The managers of shopping-center banks, where there are heavy deposits but not much by lending, are paid less than the downtown managers who handle business borrowings. Branch managers' salaries range between \$3,000 and \$33,000 a year, not including fringe benefits. These can be considerable. For example, when E. A. Resca, who spent 41 years with the Bank of Montreal before being appointed Chairman of the Ontario Securities Commission, was manager of the bank's main branch in Ottawa, his salary was \$9,000 but he also got free membership in the Rotara Club, one of a chartered line, a \$3,000 expense allowance and a Redcliffe house for which he was charged a rent of only \$150 a week. Because his cash income was not high, he had quite a substantial head office loan (Bank employees are allowed to borrow up to \$25,000 a year at approximately half the going rate). In his last year at the Montreal, in one of its deputy general managers, Resca was getting \$40,000 in salary, \$11,000 in bonuses and \$18,000 in expense accounts, plus the substantial use of a bank-owned house.

This is a fairly typical arrangement. Compulsory pension benefits are generous, amounting to about 70% of salaries. The Royal has a compulsory retirement age of 60, creating better advance through (few opportunities for promotion). Its senior personnel receive rates (31% for women and 5% for men) is substantially below the industry's average.

Branch managers due for promotion are termed to the bank's annual meeting where head office executives can look over their noses to see if they could back their knowledge up in more senior positions. Two reports are made on every employee annually, one by his supervisor and one by a bank inspector, incorporating his performance assessment to a rigid grading system. Hardly anybody is ever fired, except for an extraordinary heavy drinking on the job or trying to organize a sellers' union. Banks even tell their staffs what to wear. A Commerce employee handbook for women tells sales girls: "Clothing should be simple in style, properly fitted and coordinated in colors, dresses that are too tight or too short are not suitable, nor are bulky sweaters or flashy stockings. Basic jewelry is acceptable, but dress that are extreme in style, or designed for evening wear (such as beaded, jeweled earrings and most sparkling jewelry), should be avoided. Plain brass pendants and flat shoes are pre-

ferred on page 32

# The Prime Canadian



The more you know about whisky,  
the better for O.F.C. Year Old.

The Prime Canadian.

For starters: New O.F.C. 8 Year Old is aged a full 2 years longer than either Canadian Club or Seagram's V.O.

Then, age alone, should make us better than either #1 or #2. But it took more than time to make O.F.C. "Prime".

## The Truth About Age

Any drizzle, drizzle or even, will tell you, "...just spending time in a barrel does not a great Canadian whisky."

Why? Because 2-year-old Canadian whisky is pale, harsh and unseasoned. Around 12 it's darker and has begun to take on a heavy, "woody" taste.

## 8 Years Is "Prime"

In between, at its point in time, Canadian whisky is "The Prime of Life": golden, mellow, smooth and full-bodied. But still light.

In our opinion, 8 years old is "Prime". That's why O.F.C. 8 Year Old is 8 years old. And only 8 years old.

## "Prime" Is More Than Time

Schenley puts a lot more into O.F.C. than time. Only prime, carefully chosen Canadian grain. Only deep-malted barley.

Every drop of O.F.C. is distilled, not once—that's twice—for extra purity of spirit. And, O.F.C. is aged in 40-gallon hand-churned white oak barrels.

## Finally, We Reveal After Aging

Why after? To accurately control the quality and flavor of every drop and guarantee that O.F.C. never differs from bottle to bottle. Or glass to glass. 220 separate tests were made. It. And the numbered Schenley guarantee on the back of every bottle certifies to its "Prime" 8 year old quality.

This Is What New 8 Year Old O.F.C. Is All About!

If you are now drinking and enjoying Canadian Club or Seagram's V.O.—both very fine products—we ask you to try our New O.F.C. 8 Year Old. We believe you'll find it a very rewarding experience. One that just might change your whisky drinking habits for life.

# OFC

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The Prime Canadian.  
It takes you getting used to.



Canadian Schenley Distilleries Ltd.  
The Company that has been bringing you  
the Canadian Schenley Football Awards since 1953.



**THE BANKERS** continued

formed, and they always should be in good condition, casual or extreme styles, including miniskirts, boots and sweaters, are undesirable."

The banks are careful to instill in their employees the same feeling that you get inside the hierarchy of the church or the foreign service: that to get to the top you have to start at the bottom and accept the many disciplines along the way. "You just have to live, eat and breathe banking; if you're going to be good at it," says Dick Thompson, vice-president and chief general manager of the Toronto-Dominion.

Bankers tend to talk about being "in the service," as if breaking wires on an area of society set apart from the strivings of ordinary mortals. At the Royal, employees even have to sign a witnessed oath of secrecy on joining, and every twelve months, pledging not to disclose customers' financial dealings. "We're professional listeners. We priests in a confessional, and have to keep everything we hear in confidence, even when we're in on both sides of a deal," says John Callaghan, the Royal's deputy chairman.

The employee gyrated in the banks it so rigidly structured that when a young man first steps into a teller's cage, he can clearly see his path ahead: to marital accompaniment, to ac-

### STAFF TRAINING

## UPPER CLASSES

Turning ordinary mortals into bankers is a tough and costly assignment. With a total payroll of \$4,308 (rounded) larger than all Canada's annual foreign aid, the bank's total compensation package (including salaries, bonuses, pension and profit sharing) is \$10.5 million, or 24% of revenue. For women and 15% for men, the bank's are consistently increasing, training and education. About 1,600 mid-level bank employees take courses (either by mail or through university programs) sponsored by the bank. The bank also sends its employees to the Bank of Canada's Bankers' Bank, an especially prestigious candidate, are awarded a greenery membership, are awarded a letter from the bank. All the bank's employees are given a variety of problem-solving courses and group dynamics cash and but there is one learning institution within the Canadian banking system that receives an additional \$10,000.

Deep in that part of wealthy Toronto where the mansions begin to have

constraint, to small branch manager, to head office credit representative or inspector, to large branch manager, to assistant general manager and perhaps beyond. (Actually most tell us now we want but their chances of getting to be more than an accountant are negligible unless they stay long enough to gain the necessary experience and are prepared to move around.)

There are some notable exceptions. At most of the banks recruiting in the still dense in the high schools, and some bankers continue to regard university graduates as potential troublemakers who ask a lot of questions and need to be dissuaded. Bank personal managers are still on the lookout for those elusive "clever-but-young" men who once populated Canadian high schools. "The banks," says Gordon Sharwood, a former chief general manager of the Commerce, "look for people who can handle risks and have some aptitude with figures. But they don't go after the aggressive sales-oriented guys who knock on the doors of IBM, Procter & Gamble. They usually end up with the solid, serious, good citizens types, and if they get the other kind, they don't internally keep them very long."

Things are changing though. Only a generation ago, young men were

virtually indentured to banks. They couldn't marry without their branch manager's permission and only after they had a savings account of at least \$1,500 plus a \$300 guarantee from their bride's family, presumably so that they wouldn't be tempted to abscond in order to get married. It's a symbol of the change sweeping the banks that Tom Harshman, a young Royal Bank management trainee, recently took his fiancée to the observation roof of the Toronto-Dominion building while a plane he rented cruised overhead streaming a sign that spelled out: WIFEY FOR SALE! WILL YOU MARRY ME? LOVE, TOM (She and you.)

No book is changing faster than the Montreal, Canada's oldest book, which, until recently, considered itself an aristocratic institution and, according to one of its poets, regarded its motto "as some kind of a distant outpost with a tumbled lower half."

The Montreal's modernization started six years ago when it hired Fred McNeil (now its executive vice-president and chief operating officer), a former journalist who was responsible for incorporating *Pard of Canada*.

"That's been a management revolution since the war," says McNeil. "But banking stayed apart from it. Now, we are making some dramatic changes to establish a dynamic organization in which people use their full power. You should meet people by a bad management than anything I know."

"The average banker," says R. M. Madhavan, deputy chief general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia and very much a member of the management, "and to be thought of as just a good soldier. But it's no longer enough I know due to our computer and investment operations we're beginning to attract a different sort of office, one who tends to question things. Some of the people in my department speak to me in a way my colleagues find it shocking, because they consider what I say is frontal assault. It may be exasperating but the result is that I've got a very strong creative staff." Nickle, late Nova Scotia chairman, was dedicated to the principle of delegates. "I call in 'delegating with a harr,'" he said.

"The point is that if you give a fellow a job you have to also give him enough authority to do it, at the same time recognizing that he might make the odd mistake."

There is not exactly a generation gap in banking but there is a gap where a generation should be. The current chairman of the Big Five have retired gracefully. *Investment*

(that this article first published 10 years ago, it would have been accompanied by photographs of exactly the same five men). Because there was little bank borrowing between 1935 and 1945, the banks are missing a generation of potential leaders. Instead, a whole new group of dynamic, relatively young second- and third-million executives is now being groomed for an eventual take-over. At the Toronto-Dominion bank, the obvious heir apparent is R. M. Thomson, the refined and witty vice-president and chief general manager, a graduate of engineering at the University of Toronto and the Harvard Business

## BUILDING 5

## EDIFICIO REX

Geometrical forms was the deliberately isolated decor of Canada's banks until just a few years ago. Banks equated fiscal stability with looking like fortresses on the outside and Dictatorian counting houses on the inside. The interior was in dark wood paneling, lots of broad glass, protective grilles and scratchy pers in chairs. During the Royal visit in 1939 when Vancouver buildings along the route were given an exterior cleaning, the banks objected on the grounds that their coating of grime gave them an appearance of dereliction.

All that's changed now, Bush brackets look as if they were designed by official architects on a psychiatric trip: the downtowns of most Canadian cities are being transformed by the skyscrapers the banks are building at the sky. The turn-of-point came in 1977, when Wilfrid Jenkinson, the newly U.S. embassy spokesman, was taking up financing for

Westcoast Plaza Place Ville Marie development. The foundations were being dug, but Zechendorf still had few tenants. He suspected the trouble was prejudice against himself (both as an American marlager and as a Jew) and recruitment of both Ming Pei, the project's Chinese architect, and up with the delays, Zechendorf telephoned the late James Mack, then chairman of the Royal Bank of Canada who was acting as his banker. As Zechendorf's secretary in the following conversation took notes:

"Yes, you know we're not going anywhere with this damn rent."

"Why the hell should you get anywhere?" That problem Chairman is up-

"No, you're stepping on."

School and the only senior bank executive in the country who doesn't always wear white shirts.

At the Nova Scotia, the men moving forward include Arthur Crockett, a public relations minded former naval officer; R. M. MacIntosh, a cum laude Cambridge graduate and one of the few holders of a PhD in the upper echelons of Canadian banking; and Andor Bovee, a talented young Harvard graduate who formerly headed Laval's School of Business and was founding director of the Institute of Canadian Bankers.

At the Commerce, Page Wade-  
worth, the most charming hostess in

Canada, is closest to the top spot, with Russell Harrison and R. D. Fullerton as the most likely successors to the chairmanship. At the Montreal, Fred McNeil and Hartland MacDougall seem to be the main contenders. At the Royal, R. C. Fraser, Jack Finlayson or William Moode may get the tough assignment of succeeding Eric McLaughlin.

"But don't expect a revolution when we take over," says one of the new banking pioneers. "Our banking system is good for the country and good for us. We'd be mad to change it."

**NEXT ISSUE: HOW THE BANKS  
WHEEL AND DEAL**



"Am, your concern, the ones who for you, won't take space here. The ones who love you don't believe in us. There's a gap-up on the part of the other banks — the Bank of Montreal, the Imperial Bank, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Nova Scotia, Toronto-Dominion."

"You're crazy."  
"I'm not crazy."  
"Well, what do you want me to do about it?"  
"Huh?"

"I should have? Money? You're mad.  
Move, Jan. We'll sell the new tower  
the Royal Bank of Canada Building in  
Place Ville Marie. You'll be king of the  
hill, swooning over the whole of Mon-  
tréal. The business will come to you."  
"You're out of your mind. We have  
the biggest bank in Canada in the biggest  
bank building in Canada."

"I'll buy it from you."  
 "You've got no money to buy it."  
 "Now look here Jan, think this over.  
 I'm coming up tomorrow morning to a  
 business," answered "I."

"Oh, I'm going to England. I don't get back for two weeks. Forget it!"

Three weeks later Zuckendorf had persuaded Marx to move his head office into Place Ville Marie and to sign a lease for an annual rental of \$24 million. As soon as Neil McKinnon, head of the Commercial, learned of the Bay's plans, he acquired a property across Dominion Square and began to put up an even higher skyscraper. Marx made no visible response, but at the last moment he had Zuckendorf sell three more floors to make Place Ville Marie the tallest.

As well as guaranteeing a lot of new business from tenants, bank buildings tend to give the bankers themselves a psychological boost. Allan Lashorn, who

plished through construction of the \$160-million Toronto-Dominion Centre in downtown Toronto (which succeeded Place Ville Marie as the tallest building in the Commonwealth, and Next Mo-

Korman's new 37-story Gateway Center glass door was topped off last year's is connected the new headquarters has altered the image of his bank. "Of the big five," he says, "we're the smallest bank. Certainly large enough to do anything we wanted, but what was important is that we appeared to be the smallest." Since the building opened, it's given our people a tremendous lift, an opportunity to attract the brightest young in credit, and to establish relationships with many major new accounts."

The Bank of Montreal continues to operate out of the Coopers and Lybrand offices in its original head office site on Place d'Armes and the Nova Scotia (which now only maintains its fiduciary headquarters in Halifax) is run from a relatively modest marble-clad building in downtown Toronto. "We feel that we can use construction money to better advantage in improving branches," says B of M chairman Ainslie Hest. "I don't say I'll never put up a large head office building, but we haven't any immediate plans at present."





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One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.